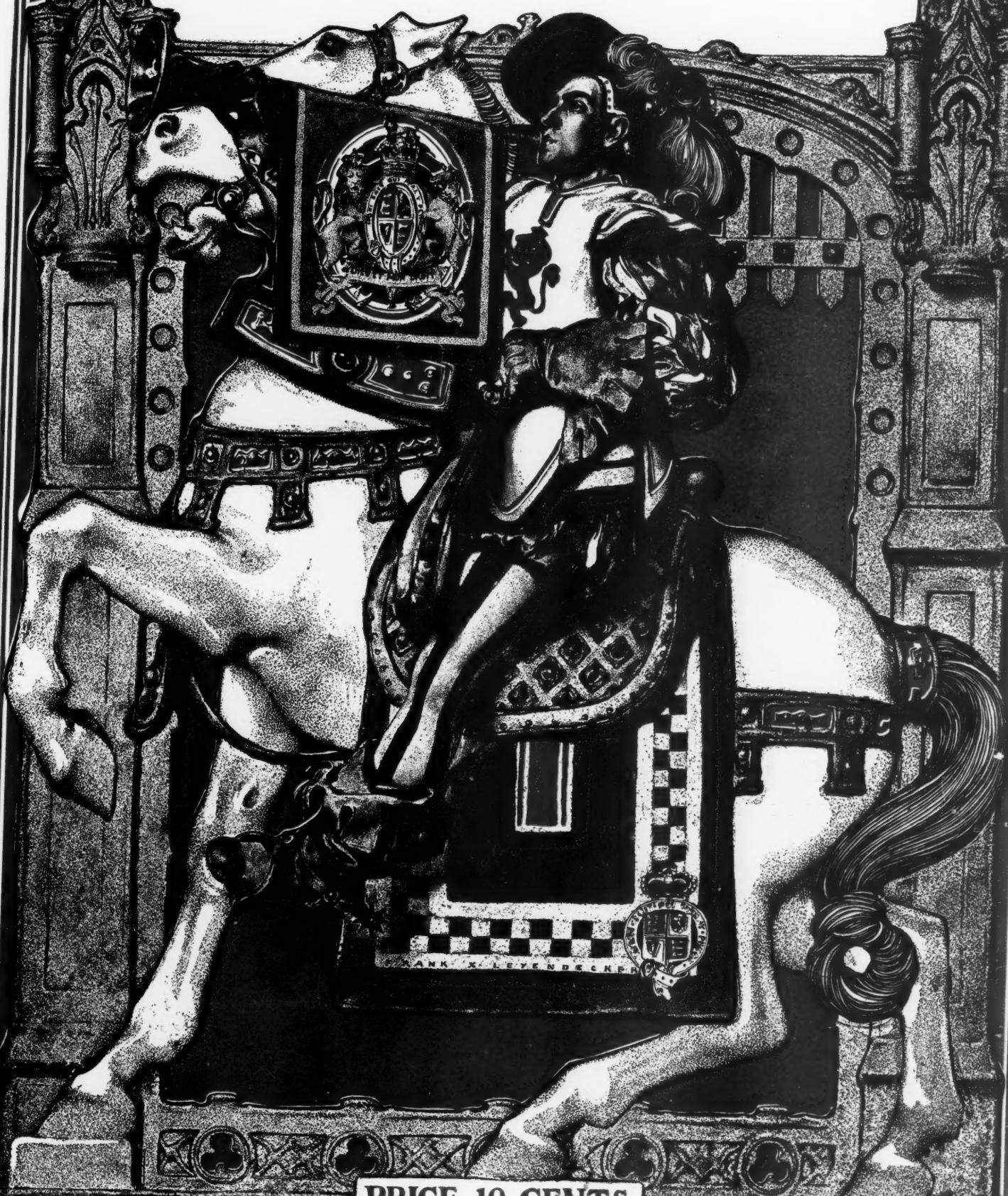


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No. 14

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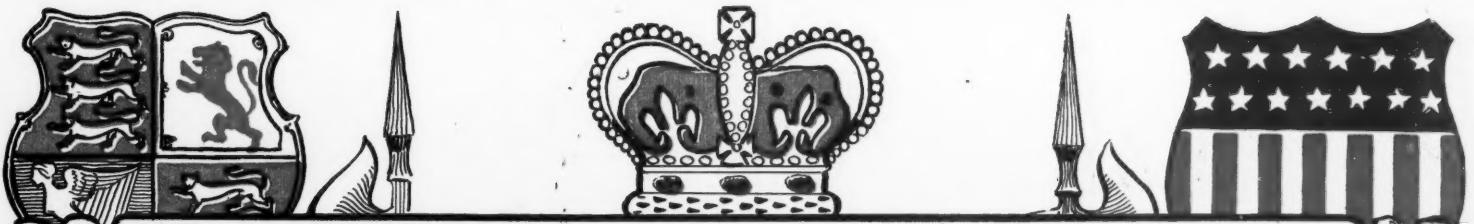
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THE SUDDEN ILLNESS OF KING EDWARD

ON TUESDAY, JUNE 24, TWO DAYS BEFORE THE date set for the Coronation, it was suddenly announced in London that the ceremony would be indefinitely postponed because of the serious illness of the King. The news was a great shock, for the principal London papers had not even hinted that King Edward was seriously indisposed. One of the "popular" newspapers, it is true, had announced that his condition aroused grave anxiety, but the report was not believed and the preparations for the Coronation, including the rehearsals at Westminster Abbey, went on to the very moment when the surgeons announced that an operation was necessary. The disease was diagnosed as perityphilitis. On this side of the water it would be called appendicitis. And as sometimes, even often, happens, the first opinions were doubtful. The operation was the one so often performed in our hospitals. In the cases of young people with strong recuperative powers and healthy hearts, this operation is usually successful when the aseptic conditions are perfect. But in spite of the fact that the operation is lightly performed by nearly every American surgeon—and especially by nearly every young American surgeon—twenty times a year, and recovery is usual, it is never trivial, and in the case of a man of advanced years and impaired strength it is commonly fatal. The King of England has not "taken good care of himself," as the saying is. He has always preferred the gentle Continental translations of the burly English sports to the originals. He has ever taken his pleasures in the kingly manner, and the state of his general health made him liable to any of the numerous and disastrous sequelæ of the operation.

The news was a great disappointment and a great sorrow to the English people. They feel a personal affection for the man as well as an unshaken loyalty to the King. The common saying, that if Great Britain should ever become a republic the first President would be Edward VII., is no exaggeration. But, leaving their sentimental attachment out of the question, they are bereaved in a practical way. The last three years has been a period of keen deprivation for the people. The Boer War, the Queen's death, the depression of trade, had combined to gloom the nation, and it is only recently that they have succeeded in shaking off the superstitious feeling that the luck of England had passed. The war was over and the King was to be crowned amid a scene of splendor out of which even the familiar hands of modern journalism could not rub the high colors of romance. But the day of rejoicing was short-lived. The doctors' bulletin curiously put an end to the festivities, and, instead of swarming to Westminster to see a king crowned, people gathered without the walls of Buckingham Palace to hearken after whispers from the chamber of a poor, death-sick man. In this country the sympathy of the public has been manifested with every mark of sincerity. The people of the United States have always felt that he, like his father before him, was genuinely friendly to this country, and they know that on one occasion, while he was Prince of Wales, he used his great influence to quiet the old Tory hatred that threatened to involve the two nations in a disastrous war. His attitude during the Venezuelan controversy will be recalled with gratitude by all Americans.

Severe chagrin may have been felt by many of the thousands who had been looking forward to the unique doings promised for the closing days of June. Yet those who resent this interference of fate with their hopes should be consoled when they reflect that, come what may, the coronation of a British king stands within more or less immediate sight. And far from all the elaborate preparations for the Seventh Edward's formal enthronement having been made in vain, their essentials will certainly figure in the approaching coronation, whosoever it may be.

MR. CLEVELAND AND MR. HILL, STRANGERS once, have come together on a public platform in New York, interchanged compliments and prophesied victory for a harmonized party. Harmony in this case seems to mean the effacement of Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan, to whom this sacrifice does not appeal, has retorted with an exceptionally fierce attack on the two Eastern men, particularly on Mr. Cleveland, although he compliments Mr. Hill's smoothness by remarking that the ex-Senator is the more dangerous of the two. As for Mr. Cleveland, "his Administration, instead of being a fountain of Democracy, sending pure and refreshing streams, became a stagnant pool from whose waters foul vapors arose, poisonous to those who lingered near. . . . Having debauched his party, he stabbed it to prevent its return to the paths of virtue." And this is harmony!

THE CITY OF PATERSON IN NEW JERSEY HAS suffered harm to its good name because of the activity of a small group of anarchists who live there. Bresci, the man who killed King Humbert, came from Paterson. The anarchists have taken advantage of the strike in the silk mills to exploit their pernicious doctrines, and now the authorities of Paterson have determined to rid the place of the agitators. McQueen, one of their leaders, has been arrested. He is an old Hyde Park hand and has been used to seeing his outpourings evaporate under the eyes of indulgent London policemen. There is a surprise in store for him when he faces a cross New Jersey jury inspired with the ambition to uphold the grim terrors of Jersey justice. No one will feel very sorry for him or for any other anarchist who falls under the lash of the law. But there is danger that the old bogie of a widespread anarchist conspiracy will be overworked. Widespread anarchist conspiracies, if they exist at all, live only in the imaginations, fears or selfish purposes of portions of the public. Probably all the professed anarchists in this country would not fill a small hall. The Red Terror is as mythical as the Man on Horseback, who, some imaginative persons think, is waiting around the corner every time a regiment is added to the army. The police are well able to cope with any "uprising." There is always danger, in the exaggeration of the power of the reds, that the fear which is the mother of oppression will work injustice to men who, far from being anarchists, are seeking what they believe to be their rights in a perfectly orderly and lawful manner.

WE CAN NEVER TIRE OF HEARING ABOUT MR. J. Pierpont Morgan's purchases. Within the memory of the newspaper reader—which is not longer than six months—this great man has bought a remarkable Titian, a piece of tapestry that was hung in Westminster Abbey for the crowning of the King, a steamship line, thirty-two books printed by Caxton, a steel company, a collection of rare publications by the late William Morris and a railway by the early John W. Gates. These are the chronicled purchases. What others unknown to the world are recorded in Mr. Morgan's private books we would not dare to guess. The published list ought to give range to the envy of persons of every degree of taste. Some would like the Titian, the tapestry, the Caxton books and the Morris editions, while others would prefer the steamships and the railway. Eventually, we suppose, most of these valuables will find their way to this country; but we tremble for Europe. What has it left but a few galleries at Florence, Venice, Rome, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Paris, London, a few million pictures and sculptures, a few billion books? Those who are interested in the doings of the great will be glad to know that Mr. Morgan is enjoying good health, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

IN THE LAST WEEK OR TWO THE EASTERN NEWSPAPERS have printed a good many homilies, from ladies and gentlemen who emulate, but at a respectful distance, the late Ruth Ashmore, on the death of a young girl of respectable parentage in a small Long Island village. It is not necessary to go into the details of the case except to say that the story of the downfall of this wayward child of seventeen is one to make honest men and women justly impatient of the lax parental discipline that invited the catastrophe. But what is to be done to prevent these dreadful occurrences? Must we abandon the comfortable theory that American girls can look out for themselves and that the American man is still chivalrous in the protection of innocence? Must we, after all these years of boasting, give up the fight shamefully and acknowledge the wisdom of the system that cages a young French girl behind bars of parental authority to the day of her marriage? Perhaps the gentle journalists have taken too melancholy a view of the situation. We are prepared to believe that the Long Island tragedy is as exceptional in its beginnings as it is horrible in its conclusion and to go on trusting to the virtue of American daughters and the wisdom of American mothers. The only alternative would be to seek a remedy from Ruth Ashmore. We scorn her imitators, who are, you may be sure, nearly all men, and bachelors. But Ruth Ashmore is dead.

CAPTAIN DAYTON'S COURT OF INQUIRY CENSURED the officers of the *Chicago* who were locked up in Venice and ordered a court-martial for three of them; Admiral Crowninshield upset the recommendation and censured Captain Dayton because he took no action to promote the release of the prisoners, "who suffered revolting indignities during the period of their confinement." So an unpleasant episode ends. The conduct of the officers was reprehensible

—very. They disturbed the quiet of the Square of St. Mark's, frightened the pigeons out of their wits, startled the bell ringers in the blue and gold clock tower, made the crystal eyes of the lion pop out, upset the small tables at which the languorous swells of Venice sip their vermouth and otherwise conducted themselves in a manner that showed vivacity and independence. Moreover, they punched the Venetian burghers and the gendarmes as no Venetian has ever been punched before. On the other hand, they didn't know the language, they certainly were knocked about a good deal by amateur servants of the law, and while under arrest were subjected to gross indignities in that wicked old prison to which the Bridge of Sighs is attached. In a word, it would be hard to conceive of such treatment except, possibly, in the case of Italian officers in the hands of New York policemen. Still, most of our readers will argue with Admiral Crowninshield that they have been punished enough. Captain Dayton certainly did very little for them, and the consul at Venice—a Mr. Johnson—no more than would arise from the duties of his office untainted by any sympathy for the strenuous habits of an American drunk. There was never too much Johnson in the proceedings at any point. They—and the service—might have been saved much scandal if proper representations had been made to the Italian authorities. Some Americans in Venice at the time expected the *Chicago* to pepper the Doge's palace with 6-inch shells. The presence of ten Italian torpedo boats and three cruisers at the mouth of the lagoon did not abash these valiant patriots.

THE BRITISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has decided to reduce by one-half the proposed import duty on Indian corn. This will reduce by so much the effectiveness of the Liberal outcry against the government's revenue project, which they profess to regard as the entering wedge of a protective policy. But the rest of the duty remains to rage over, and in any case they still have that hunger for office which we are assured by great statesmen is the prolific parent of principles.

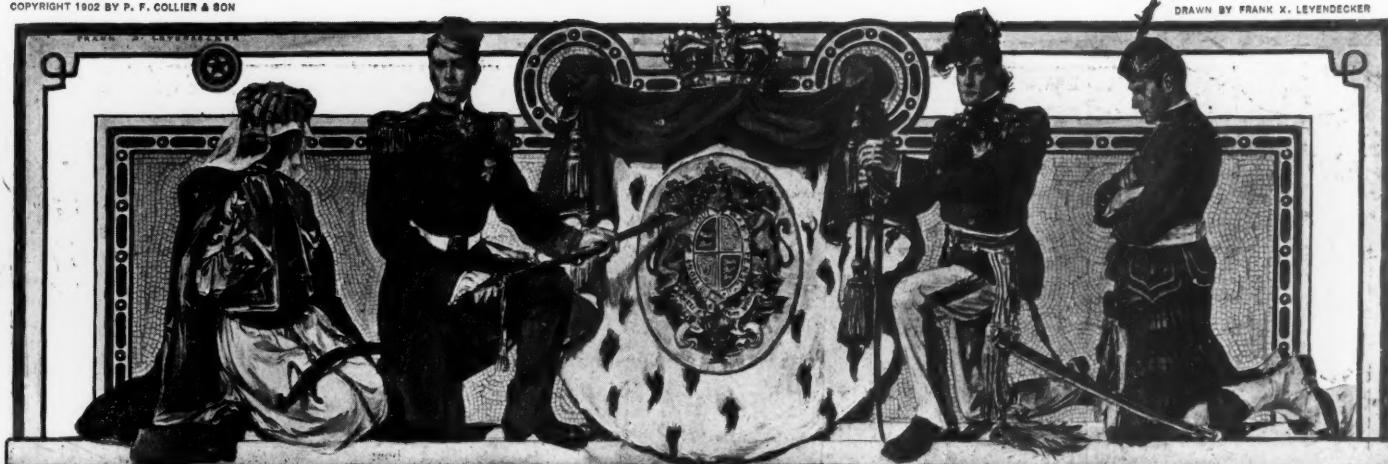
ORD CHARLES BERESFORD, AN IRISHMAN OF sorts and a sailor with the frankness of his profession and the forensic ability of his race, has been saying sharp things about the British navy in Parliament, where he sits as Conservative member for Woolwich. His special observation leads him to the conclusion that the Admiralty "doesn't know its own vile business," for he finds that the Mediterranean fleet is insufficient to meet the emergency of a sudden war, that in the all-important matter of coal supply the Admiralty and the fleets are working at cross purposes, that a part of the navy is manned "in skeleton," and so on. A few Continental critics have rather hoped than believed that the British navy was stronger in the fears of Britain's enemies than in the knowledge of experts. If a system is weak in one place it is not likely to be strong in another, and the catastrophe in South Africa showed what a military policy of patch and mend, of pinch and waste, of favoritism and boudoir control, could do for one arm of the national defence. The failure of the navy in a crisis would be inconceivably more disastrous; it would invite the deluge. Perhaps the hard-hitting Irishman may compel a genuine reform of the system. More likely not, for a policy of "muddle along and trust to luck" is popular in England. The feverish agitation for the reform of the army came to nothing except where the redoubtable Kitchener, as a measure of self-salvation, adopted measures that have made him an object of hatred among the smart military men in London.

THE IRRIGATION BILL RECENTLY PASSED BY Congress ought to be a great blessing to the far West if the work is properly done. The money derived from the sales of public lands in the "arid and semi-arid" States—amounting at present to \$2,500,000—will be used for this purpose. The bill was framed under the personal direction of the President, who devoted a good deal of space in his first message to irrigation. There was considerable opposition, some of it based on the broad principle that improvements of this nature are best left to private enterprise and some on the narrow theory that it is unfair to tax the Eastern farmer in order to build up a competitor in his market. But very few people west of the Rocky Mountains who know the extent of the territory that now needs only "water and good society" to make it fruitful and prosperous will see the force of these objections. Private water companies, very often working in the most primitive and wasteful way, have redeemed millions of acres; a scientific irrigation scheme, with \$50,000,000 behind it, in twenty years ought to add an empire to the country.



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN STATE ATTIRE

The robes of state worn by King Edward and Queen Alexandra are of dazzling magnificence. Over the field-marshal's uniform, resplendent with many orders, His Majesty wears a wide, flowing mantle of crimson-purple silk velvet, lined and edged with real ermine. Halfway over this mantle falls a deep ermine cape. The Queen wears a similar vesture, less ample than that of her consort. Across her shoulder is the ribbon of the Garter under ropes and clusters of diamonds and pearls.



KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

By SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, BART.

THIS ARTICLE WAS RECEIVED JUST BEFORE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE NEWS OF KING EDWARD'S SUDDEN ILLNESS. BUT SIR GEORGE ARTHUR'S PAPER IS OF GREAT VALUE, BECAUSE, BEING BY NO MEANS OF MERELY PASSING INTEREST, IT EXPLAINS THE CONSTITUTIONAL POSITION OF A BRITISH SOVEREIGN. WE THEREFORE PRESENT IT TO OUR READERS UNABRIDGED



Lord Salisbury
British Prime Minister



Sir Wilfrid Laurier
Premier of Canada



Rt. Hon. Edmund
Barton
Prime Minister of Australia



Lord Milner
High Commissioner of
South Africa



Lord Curzon
Viceroy of India



Rt. Hon. Richard J. Seddon
Prime Minister of New Zealand

TO ALL WHO SPEAK the English tongue the Coronation of the head of the British Empire is the theme of the hour. While the function itself, ornate with ceremonial and rich with antique tradition, appeals to our sense alike of the beautiful and of the historically appropriate, the personality of the central figure in this splendid pageant must enhance the interest and enthusiasm which such an occasion is sure to call forth. The reason is not far to seek. For over forty years King Edward has identified himself with, and in many instances has inaugurated, every social movement likely to further the welfare or promote the happiness of the English people. His part has been no easy one to play. The first English-speaking gentleman in the world and heir-apparent to an unrivaled Empire, he had been content hitherto to rank simply as "primus inter pares" of the millions of subjects who owned his august mother's sway.

Probably never before—certainly not in the annals of English history—has the distinguished yet strictly subordinate position of the heir to the throne been so happily filled. It is by no means the least of King Edward's undeniable qualifications to reign, that through his long period of probation he was the first to obey. Even in the great Coronation ceremony itself it is an open secret that he subordinated certain personal predilections to the wishes of his people and the authority of his ecclesiastical advisers.

It is hardly too much to say that the King's career has been watched with almost equal interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The American people have been forward to give full credit to the British Prince's desire to be abreast of all that is good in an age of progress; nor have they failed to recognize how much his tact and good sense have done to bind closely English and American sympathies. To them, therefore, his formal inauguration as the chief ruler of a great nation to whom they are closely knit by ties of race, of language, of literature, of religion, of a common stock of social and political ideals, was an occasion fraught with deep interest, perhaps not unmixed with a measure of self-congratulation.

IS THE CORONATION CEREMONY AN ANACHRONISM?

The question may perhaps occur to the strictly practical mind, how far even an impressive ceremony such as the English King's Coronation is not somewhat of an anachronism. Albeit with a history reaching back to remote ages, can it justify its survival on any ground save that of sentiment? If modern modes of thought have not evacuated it of all meaning, is it possible to attach any significance to this doubtless brilliant and picturesque symbolism which shall not do violence to the

political beliefs and present-day convictions of a free and self-governing community? Must not the very ideas which underlie the forms and inspire the formulas of a king's coronation be of necessity in essential and emphatic antagonism to the accepted principles of popular government? As an accurate reproduction of old-world pomp and pageantry the thing may not be devoid of a certain value. But, while the artist delights in its picturesqueness and the archaeologist in its air of antiquity, can the practical politician of the twentieth century afford to regard it otherwise than as antiquated?

Questions such as these are perfectly fair and entirely relevant, and the answers to them may seem to light up some obscure corners of a much-discussed subject.

Of the many points to be noted about the coronation of a British monarch one stands out foremost. It is above all else a religious act of supreme solemnity. It is a pact made between King and People, with an appeal for the divine sanction. The people are formally asked—as their forefathers were asked far back in ages before ever the English race had landed on these islands at all—whether they accept and recognize as their ruler the king now presented to them. The estates of the realm, through their representatives, signify their acceptance by loud shouts. This preliminary to the Coronation is no empty form. It is a valued reminder of the fact that for one and a half thousand years in England, and for no one can tell how many centuries previous to their coming to Britain, the English have constantly and strenuously claimed their rights as freemen. With entire truth they may declare, "We never were in bondage to any man." The tyrannies by which they may now and again have been oppressed were always fiercely and successfully resisted, and can only rank as passing incidents in the national career. The later assertions of liberties, like the earlier which gave birth to Magna Charta, were really a return to a more primitive condition of things.

RELIGIOUS SOLEMNITY AND HISTORIC SIGNIFICANCE

The first preliminary to the King's Coronation being duly accomplished, and the people having thus freely accepted and pledged their obedience to their sovereign, it next devolves on the latter to take up his share of the great pact. This is performed with every circumstance of religious solemnity, the oath being administered by the Church in the person of one of her chief officers, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Then follows what our forefathers termed the "Sacring," or Consecration, of the King, by his unction with oil after the manner of the kings of the Old Testament; his assumption of symbolical robes, his investiture with the various regalia, the placing of the crown on his head, and his enthronization—a series of significant acts performed to the accompaniment of prayers for the divine blessing.

To Englishmen such a survival of the past as the Service for the Hallowing and Crowning of their King, with all its ancient pomp and circumstance, is no dark or dumb ceremony. It is eloquent in its significance. It speaks to them of the inspiring glories of the past, of the arduous but noble tasks of the present, of the high hopes and aspirations of the future. It bears witness to the unbroken continuity of the realm of Edward the Confessor, who intrusted to it the Stone of Destiny, with the extended domain of Edward the Seventh, who in that same church and seated on that very stone, it is Britain's hope to see anointed and crowned King of England.

To the modern mind the whole tenor of the Coronation ceremony and many of its details may possibly seem to savor too much of the idea of "Divine Right," which to a great extent was the bone of contention during the Civil War of the seventeenth century. To us of this age, however, it is possible to take a wider view of the great question that divided Puritan and Cavalier. We, in the light of experience, can perceive the entire truth of which the Royalist and the Parliamentarian each saw only a part. The objectives for the sake of which they fought and died were, on the one hand, the paramount claim of the civil ruler to the obedience of his subjects, and, on the other, the indefeasible right of the individual to enjoy civil and religious liberty.

In these days we have attained to a synthesis of these two principles, once regarded as antagonistic but now accepted as merely different aspects of the ideal citizenship. We see now that the old doctrine of Divine Right was too narrow. We realize the divine obligation of all political duty and the divine sanction of all political right. The President and Congress of the United States claim the obedience of American citizens by a right as divine as that which Englishmen

attribute to the sovereign of their realms when, stamping their coins with his image, they add the superscription which proclaims him as ruling *Dei gratia*.

AS TO THE DIVINE RIGHT OF RULERS

From this point of view it will be evident that a king reigns *Dei gratia* and by Divine Right none the less because he is a Constitutional monarch. The idea that Divine Right is necessarily connected with autocracy is a misconception founded on a partial survey of historic facts. The true antithesis lies between Right and Might. The justly excreted system of absolutist rule founded on might alone is the one inseparably associated with the names of Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon Bonaparte, and their less distinguished imitators.

The King whom the Church crowns in Westminster Abbey is no autocrat. The whole service is a standing protest against physical force as a basis of kingly power, and it bears conclusive testimony to the fact that the Constitutional principle, though it has had to be finally vindicated at a recent period of English history, is as old as the realm itself.

That deadliest foe to the ancient liberties of the people, the feudal system, was a foreign importation entirely discordant with the spirit of Britain's traditions. Hardly had freedom begun to reassert itself under the early Plantagenets than the Wars of the Roses and the Black Death effectively prepared the way for Tudor tyranny—the former ruining the nobles, the latter entailing economic changes which impoverished the peasantry and reduced the power of the clergy numerically and morally.

Tudor tyranny, owing to these causes, met with no opposition, the resettlement of the relations between crown and people being left as a legacy of strife for the ensuing century. That settlement has ever since, down to the present day, been subjected to various revisions and modifications. These have been accomplished, partly by definite enactments, but more usually by a gradual, automatic, at times almost imperceptible, evolutionary process. More than one of the most drastic political changes are actually still unacknowledged by the law of the realm. A notable illustration of this curious feature of the political system is the fact that the Cabinet, which during the last century has developed its power to a startling extent, is, as such, unknown to the British Constitution, while the all-important office of Prime Minister is equally unrecognized by law, and enjoys neither official precedence nor official remuneration.

The conclusion seems, then, to be fully justified that the service for the King's Consecration, which has come down through the centuries unaltered in its main features, exhibits a theory of monarchical government in perfect harmony with the oldest and best traditions of the English nation, and not out of touch with present-day facts and modern convictions.

Many an American citizen reveres the old country as the home of his ancestors and claims to share in the heritage of its memories. Between the two branches of the English-speaking race there exists a community of political ideas which speaks of a community of racial origin. It is not merely that their respective constitutional systems bear a close similarity in point of form. In the spirit from which those forms derive their vitality there is absolute identity.

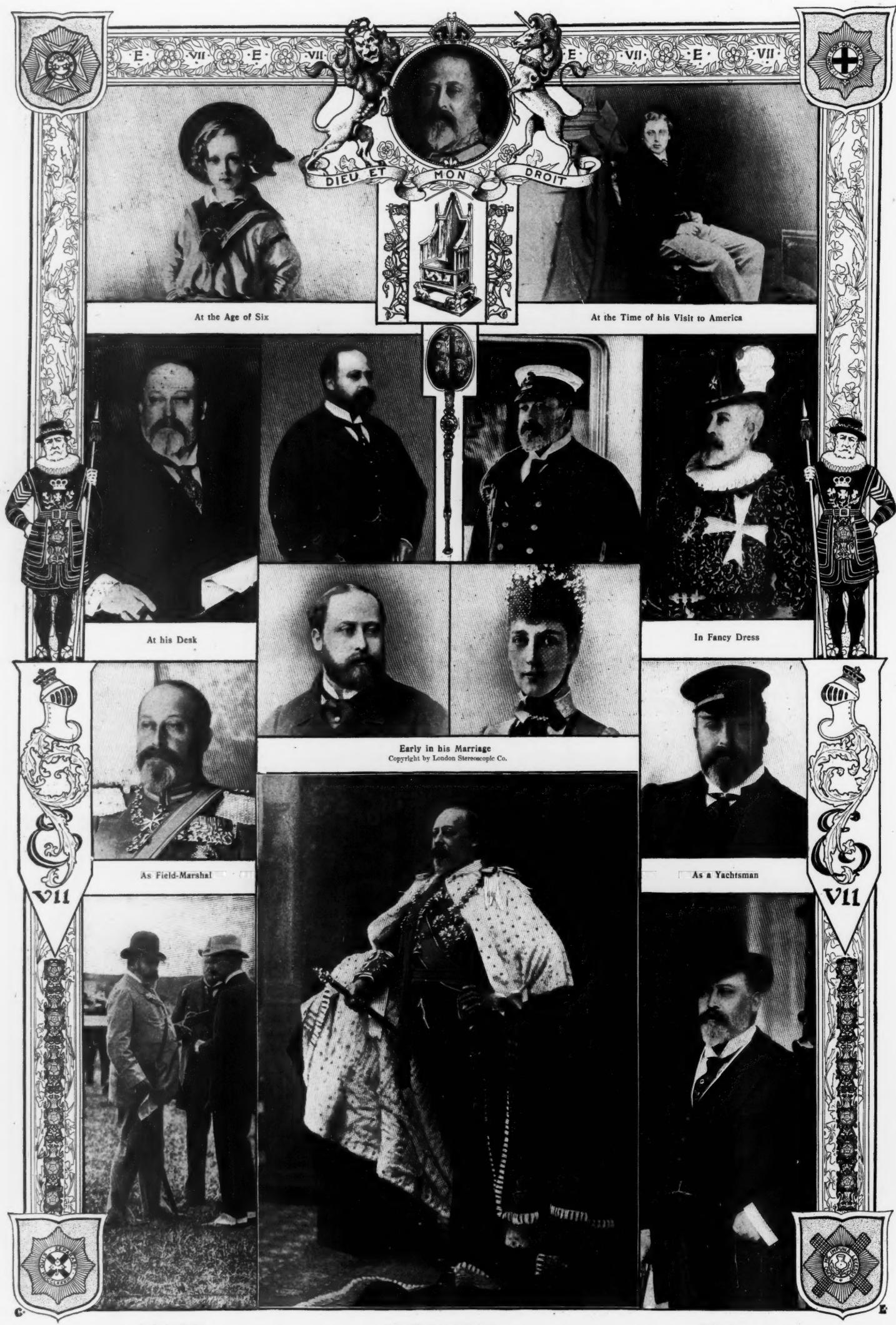
BRITISH AND AMERICAN COMMUNITY OF POLITICAL IDEAS

Popular liberties are not to be secured merely by imitating the political machinery of a free people. There may be found republics which are continually the victims of internal upheavals and the prey of tyrannical dictators. There are constitutional monarchies whose debates are accentuated by the hurling of inkpots and epithets and whose Parliaments are torn by turbulence and doomed to deadlock.

The British and American peoples alone seem to possess the secret of popular government. They know the password that gives admission to the enjoyment of real freedom. They share together in a pre-eminent degree that genius of capacity for self-government which alone renders a constitutional régime workable. The differences in their methods of attaining their common aim only lend the greater emphasis to their unity in the one essential.

Those differences have their origin in diversity of circumstances. America found it possible at the commencement of her career as a new nation to reduce her Constitution to writing. In the old country the Constitution has been the fruit of a gradual growth. It has been molded by usage and worked by compromise. It is unwritten and undefined. The problem for British statesmen has always been and still is how to adapt

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 10)



At Baden-Baden

At the Opening of Parliament

At Homburg

ENGLAND'S KING IN PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE



BRITISH ROYALTY AND CORONATION DIGNITARIES

"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF ENGLAND"



This latest photograph of King Edward VII. in civil dress presents many points of contemporaneous human interest. It shows that he bears his sixty years surprisingly well. The details of his costume, though marked by tasteful simplicity, take on importance and distinction as having the cachet of the first English gentleman in the world, for half a century "the glass of fashion and the mold of form" in matters of masculine wearing apparel

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 7)

old institutions to modern conditions. The very elasticity by which they are enabled to do this with any measure of success would be nearly unattainable under a written Constitution.

PREROGATIVES AND POWER OF THE CROWN

Hence it is not even possible to lay down in set form the exact prerogatives of the Crown or the precise limitations of its power. It is easier to describe what the sovereign actually does than to state what he has a right to do. In theory he might be said to perform every function of government, for in his name every piece of legislation is enacted and every executive act is done. Much—probably most—of the work personally performed by the monarch is wisely hidden from public view. Not a despatch connected with either colonial or foreign affairs leaves or enters England without being submitted to the King. Queen Victoria summarily dismissed Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office for presuming to alter a despatch after it had received her final sanction. Not an important step is taken by Ministers without consulting the Sovereign and it may be remembered that Disraeli and Gladstone at different times testified to the immense help which Queen Victoria's advice afforded to her Ministers. Her authority alone prevented war with the United States in 1861.

THE BRITISH THRONE'S INFLUENCE OVER NATIONAL DESTINIES

It might have been anticipated that the Crown would suffer diminution of its authority by the upgrowth and extension of

popular power. The result, however, has proved far otherwise. The occupant of the British throne has in recent years acquired a kind and a degree of influence over the national destinies as novel as it is noteworthy.

The last quarter of a century of English history has witnessed a far-reaching though silent change. To Queen Victoria belongs the distinction of having laid broad and deep an entirely new foundation of kingly rule. Every competent observer can testify that the hereditary monarchy has of late years become more strongly rooted than ever in the affections of the people.

That the renewal of confidence in the hereditary principle should have coincided with the growth of the British democracy is surely a very striking and significant phenomenon. Of the fact itself there can be no question whatever. Both the Crown and the House of Lords—the two non-popular and hereditary elements in the British Imperial Legislature—occupy at this moment a higher position in public estimation than at any previous period.

RENEWAL OF CONFIDENCE IN THE HEREDITARY PRINCIPLE

The Crown, like the hereditary House of Parliament, finds at the present moment its credit more firmly established and its constitutional functions more highly valued than was the case in former times. Doubtless the increasing burden of responsibility borne by the British people renders them proportionately anxious for the guidance and leadership of men not only competent but independent. Lord Beaconsfield always contended that the British aristocratic class, including the

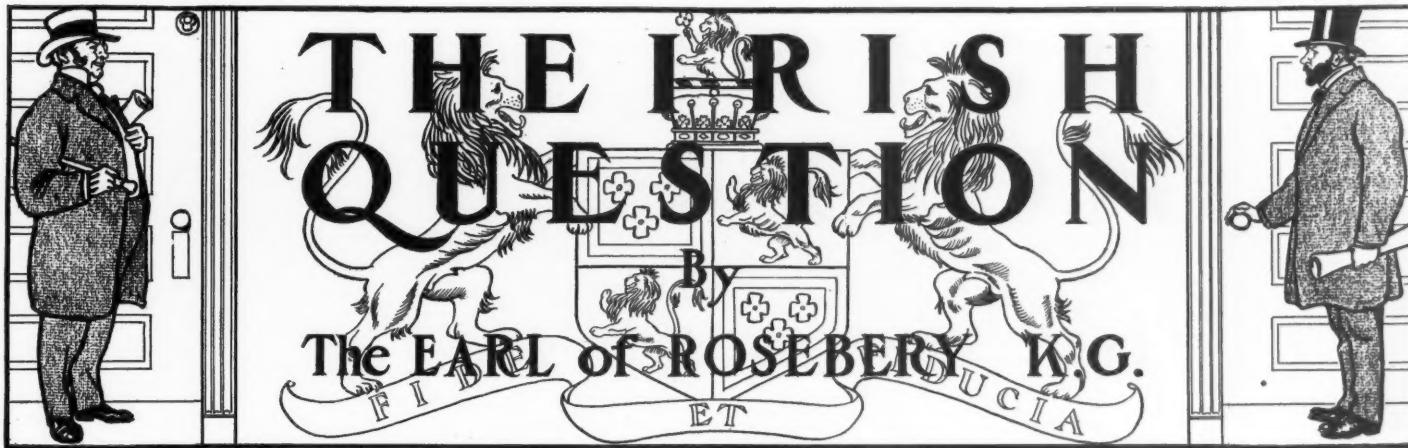
"squirearchy," on the whole reflects with singular accuracy the state of national opinion. He maintained in effect that the terms "representative" and "elective" are not necessarily synonymous. He said that a great landowner or county magnate, brought up from the first to manage affairs and to deal with men, and living all his life among his neighbors, is at least as likely to know their minds and to feel their feelings as a stranger hailing from a distance. This representative character belongs superlatively to the Sovereign.

The power which the King wields to-day is that which springs from responsibility and duty done. The British nation appreciates the assiduity, the wisdom, the many-sided sympathy which King Edward brings to the discharge of duties often difficult but evidently to him never irksome.

To the people of the whole British dominions their Imperial Unity is symbolized by and centred in the person of the King, as the march of events reveals to them their imperial destinies and summons them to the fulfilment of their imperial obligations. The enthusiasm of Britons for their world-wide Empire is in great measure due to the knowledge that the Sovereign under whose auspices the great task of unification must be wrought is wholly worthy of the throne he fills—a throne which, to quote Mr. Gladstone is "the most illustrious in the world, from its history and associations, from its legal basis, from the weight of the cares it brings, from the loyal love of the people, and from the unparalleled opportunities it gives in so many ways and in so many regions of doing good to the almost countless numbers whom the Almighty has placed beneath the sceptre of England."

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DECORATION BY EDWARD PENFIELD



WHAT is the Irish question? It is the eternal incompatibility that exists between a slow, conscientious, Protestant Anglo-Saxon race and a quick-witted, Celtic Roman Catholic race, with different characteristics, different ideas, different traditions, different aims, different Churches, and last, and not least, a different sense of humor.

It is the misfortune of the two races that they are geographically compelled to live together, though they are separated by a belt of stormy ocean. That, as far as I know, is the elementary view of the Irish question, and, naturally, the point of view into which it has recently resolved itself is mainly the question of Irish government.

Five years ago this with other questions were looming large, but since that time many have disappeared and others have completely changed their aspect. Of those that have completely changed their aspect the one that has undergone the most remarkable transformation is that which is called the Irish question. Irish government is the cause for which Mr. Gladstone made the great sacrifice of his life and of his remaining years. What are the changes that have taken place in the Irish question since 1896?

WHERE MR. GLADSTONE FAILED

In the first place, Mr. Gladstone's bills, the bills of 1886 and 1893, are by universal acknowledgment dead and buried. I do not think that any one will deny that fact. Their being dead and buried casts no reflection on the great man who brought them forward or on those who were associated with him. It was a large and generous effort that; rendered necessary in part by the irresistible trend of events, and rendered necessary in the main by the fact that the Tory Government of 1885 had refused to ask for the renewal of those powers which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Spencer deemed necessary for the government of Ireland; and therefore Mr. Gladstone and those who were with him had no other alternative in endeavoring to meet the just demand of Ireland in so far as it could be rendered congruous with the supremacy of Parliament and the unity of the Empire. But, however that may be, no one denies that these bills are dead.

Also, no one will deny, I think, that what was beyond the skill of Mr. Gladstone himself, with all his ability and all his enthusiasm, who had tried both alternatives in his scheme of including the Irish members in Parliament and of excluding the Irish members from Parliament—no one will deny that, where Mr. Gladstone had failed, with all his advantages in framing a plan, it is not likely that anybody will be able to succeed.

SEPARATION OF IRISH AND LIBERAL PARTIES

The second point in which the Irish question has been modified by the course of events is in the dissolution of the alliance between the Irish and the Liberal party. I do not attach very great importance to that circumstance. I do not know, I cannot define, how close that alliance ever was. I do not know if there was ever a formal compact in the matter. But, at any rate, the fact is there. The Irish have both by declaration and by vote indignantly repudiated any connection with the Liberal party; and, for my part, I believe that they have acted wisely in their own interests and wisely in the interests of the Liberal party.

HOME RULE ON COUNTY GOVERNMENT BASIS

The third point on which the Irish question has been modified in those five years is the most important to my mind of all—that is, that the Government have settled the question so far as they are concerned on a basis of county local government. When the question of Home Rule first arose in the autumn of 1885 there were some, of whom I was one, who wished to see the question settled on that very basis. We wished to see a system of local government introduced for England, for Scotland and for Ireland, so that there should be no more cry of the inequality of condition under which Ireland labored, but that Ireland should be in all respects the same as England, Scotland and Wales. We were convinced that that was not possible, and for two reasons. In the first place, it would in no degree meet the Irish demand, and, in the next place, it would be more obnoxious than a central authority to that party which is known as the loyalist party in Ireland, and who, it was said, would have preferred a Parliament in Dublin to any extension of county government in Ireland, and for that we had the high authority of no less a man than the Prime Minister himself. In 1885 he stated at Newport, that any extension of county government to Ireland was far more dangerous than a central authority in Dublin.

But time works wonders, and the Government have now been able—and I give them full credit for it, even if it be at the cost of some inconsistency with their former declarations

—they have been able to settle the question on the basis of county government in Ireland, which was the way in which we originally hoped to settle it. Thus, Ireland is placed, so far as local government is concerned, in the same position as England, Scotland and Wales, but with an adventitious superiority in Parliament due to the excessive representation above what she is entitled to in London.

THE LIMIT OF IRISH DEMANDS

Again, there is another point in which this question has been profoundly modified in the last five years. The Irish leaders have at least played their full hand. They have demanded, not what Mr. Gladstone was willing to give them, but an independent Parliament in Dublin. When you get there, I say "Halt!" I am not prepared at any time or under any circumstances to grant an independent Parliament to Dublin. What have these gentlemen done that we should grant them this supreme and spontaneous request? Why, on the very occasion on which they made the demand for an independent Parliament for Dublin they made two significant statements which would have made the most enthusiastic Home Ruler pause. They said an independent Parliament in Dublin was not the full measure of national right or of their national demand. The full measure of their national demand was separation.

I do not wish to deduce any extravagant conclusions from the above, but, given those circumstances, no sane person, least of all the sane community of persons which is known as the predominant partner, would ever consent to hand over the destinies of Ireland, at the very heart of the Empire, to a Parliament which should be guided and controlled and composed of those who have expressed their earnest wish that we might be overthrown on this southern field of battle. I do not draw any deductions from the strange fact that the sympathy of the Irish leaders should be given to the Boers, who enjoy far more independence even than the Irish ask for.

EXPERIENCE OF DUALISM

In the last five years the experience of dualism in Europe has not been encouraging. I have had much time to examine precedents. They used to be frequently appealed to as ideals and what we might hope for if we had Home Rule. But Russia has now swallowed up Finland. That used to be one of the illustrations. The notable illustrations were Austria and Hungary, and Norway and Sweden. It is a very difficult matter to make observations on the Constitutions of foreign countries, and I always do so with great caution.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, AND NORWAY AND SWEDEN

The dualism of Austria and Hungary was a dualism not effected spontaneously or voluntarily, but under the pressure of necessity. I think that no Austrian or Hungarian would deny that it is a system extremely difficult to work, that it is an ideal system, that the best intellects of Austria-Hungary are devoted to making it work, not always with success, and that the agreement between Austria and Hungary, which expired in 1897, has not yet been found capable of renewal. I think that it would require some consideration before we voluntarily enter into an arrangement of that kind.

In Sweden and Norway you have the arrangement. Sweden and Norway have their separate Parliaments, their separate armies, their separate fleets, their separate flag. They are united, so far as I know, entirely by the bond of the Crown and by the bond of a common diplomatic service, which Norway has always endeavored to make a separate diplomatic service. I confess I doubt if anybody would wish to see Ireland in the position of Norway, but, in any case, that parallel would not quite hold good. Sweden and Norway are a closely adjacent kingdom; they live together; there is no division of nature between them. But Great Britain and Ireland are at the heart of a widely scattered Empire. If Ireland were loyal, I would gladly give her the privileges of the self-governing colonies. What we have to remember is that this is the heart of a widely scattered Empire, and that we cannot dare, we cannot afford—it is our vital—what there should be a hostile Parliament which, for example, in the case of the recent war, might have turned the balance between success and defeat.

IDEAL FOR FUTURE IMPERIAL LEGISLATION

My view is not entirely negative. I trust that, as county government develops in Ireland, as it shows the administrative qualities of the people, it may be possible to enlarge that sphere, to work upward to some superstructure on the sphere, and in that way to begin from the base toward the summit. I hope and believe that much devolution must take place in a national direction in the work of our overburdened and over-laboring Parliament. I believe that much reform must take place in what is known as Castle government in Ireland. I hope most sincerely I may live to see my dream realized of some scheme of imperial federation which should allow of local subordinate Legislatures as part of that scheme; but when I am asked for an independent Parliament, or for anything that is to work up to an independent Parliament, I say plainly that it is not upon my slate. Let me make three general statements on this question. One is that any hope of satisfying the sentiment of the Irish leaders in this matter must be given up. They have revealed their aims and their ambition, and we must do our duty to Ireland faithfully, mercifully, generously, without hope of Irish gratitude. My next is this—that I hope in whatever shape the question of Irish administration will be dealt with by future governments, I trust, as Mr. Gladstone trusted in 1885, no Government will undertake it which is not able to be absolutely independent of Irish support; for if it cannot act independently of Irish support its object will be missed. And I go a step further and say that I believe that this question, in whatever way it may be hereafter dealt with, is too large for any party in power, must be achieved by the concurrence and patriotism of both political parties; and if ever the British Parliament is to reach that high ideal which we claim for it, it will be the day when it is able, without party and simply by imperial exigencies, to deal with the Irish question.



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY

Mr. Redmond has stated that an army of insurrection in Ireland was only a matter of opportunity. These statements must have made any one pause who was anxious to give this independent Parliament to Dublin.

LOYALTY AND ANTAGONISM

But it befits us to remember that there is, after all, a modification in this question which is as grave as that language, which is that throughout this war in which we have been engaged in South Africa the sympathy of the Irish leaders has been given openly and avowedly to our enemies in the field. I am quite aware that they have in past times used rash and random language on occasions of this kind. That irresponsible people called for cheers for the Mahdi, for instance. But I have always regarded that as an efflorescence due to the exuberance of Irish diction, and by no means confined to one party in Ireland, because I remember when the Orangemen in Dublin were declaring their anxiety to cast the crown of the Queen into the Boyne if the Irish Church were disestablished. I am aware that language of a reckless kind has been used in Ireland before, but this was a war which at any moment might have become a war of existence, the greatest war in the matter of expenditure and armed men in which we have ever been engaged. I must divide the Irish leaders from the Irish nation, because it must be remembered that in this very war some of the regiments of whose gallantry we have been most proud have been composed of Irishmen.





QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS PRINCESS OF WALES

Queen Alexandra, eldest daughter of Christian IX., King of Denmark, was born December 1, 1844. She was married to Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, on March 10, 1863, at St. George's Chapel, in Windsor Castle. As Princess of Wales she was beloved the length and breadth of the United Kingdom for her graciousness, and as Queen her subjects' loyalty and love have, if anything, increased.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE CORONATION

AT CLOSE INTERVALS along the line of route of the intended procession, huge stands were erected by speculative builders for the accommodation of the thousands who were prepared to pay for the privilege of witnessing the great show in comfort. The cost of seats in these stands ranged from half a guinea (in the back row of a stand that would have commanded a distinctly inferior view) to twenty-five guineas (for one in the front row of a stand facing Westminster Abbey). Indeed, the prices demanded for seats appear to have been governed entirely by their proximity to this point. Thus, in Piccadilly excellent positions were freely obtainable for sums that would have been scornfully declined by the owners of stands in Parliament Street or Whitehall. In the same way, prices in the "City" were considerably lower than in Pall Mall or Piccadilly. The chief places in London where stands were erected were, first and foremost, at Westminster Abbey, and, after this, at Constitution Hill, Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross. Some of the stands in these positions were official in that they were for the use of privileged individuals only and not for sale to the general public. Among such as these were one at the Abbey (for peers and peeresses), certain ones in Whitehall (for members of the diplomatic and naval and military services) and one in Trafalgar Square (for members of the London County Council). This last faced the National Gallery and was one of the largest, having a seating capacity of at least two thousand.

For the general public accommodation was offered in stands erected by either private syndicates or business firms that had taken up the matter as a speculation. The great touring agencies of Messrs. Cook, Gaze, and Lunne had also provided a considerable number of stands. All these, by whomsoever erected, were constructed in a most massive fashion and were carefully tested by the local surveyors.

The principal material for the Coronation stands was pitch pine, but a great quantity of deal was also used for the purpose, while there were of course tons of iron bolts and brackets for bracing the various parts together. With regard to the size of the stands it is difficult to give any very precise figures, as this necessarily depended upon the amount of space available for their erection. In the one at Charing Cross, for instance, there was sufficient accommodation for eighteen hundred. It cost about twenty-five hundred pounds to erect and occasioned the labor of nearly one hundred men a day for several weeks. For the front seats in this particular stand a charge of three guineas was asked. Considering that this included luncheon, the price could not be regarded as excessive. By the way, as showing the competition that existed in the matter of letting seats, it may be mentioned that one of the syndicates speculating in the matter advertised as follows: "All money will be returned if there is no procession." To recoup itself against a heavy loss on this account, this particular agency had effected an arrangement with an insurance company. Prophetic agency!

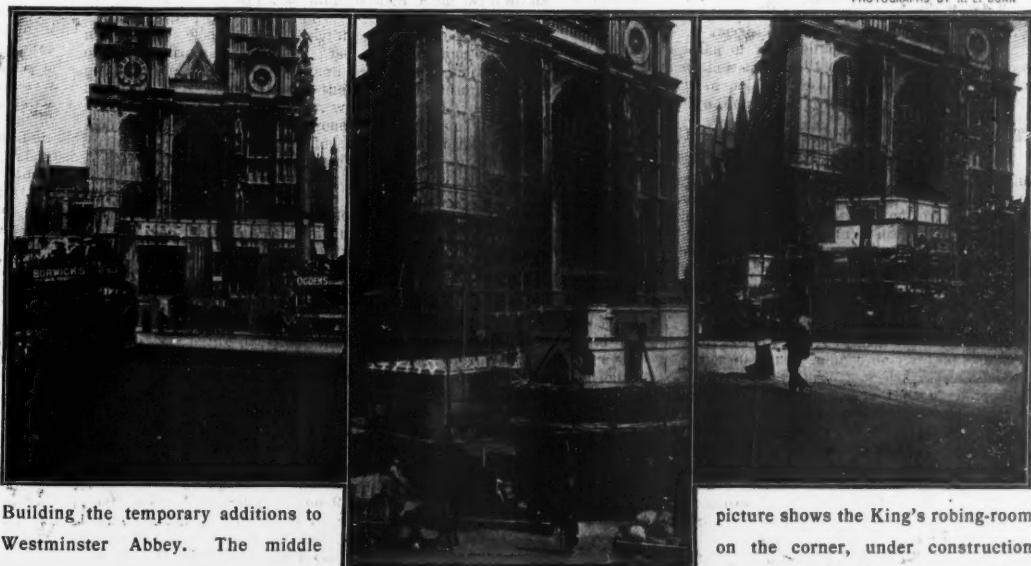
An interesting feature in connection with the Coronation stands built all along the line of route was that several of them were erected in churchyards. As a result, the clergy expected to reap a substantial harvest. The principal among these church stands were at the Abbey itself, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, at St. Catherine's, Trafalgar Square, at St. Mary's, Strand, and at St. Clement Dane's, Fleet Street. The incumbent of this last-named church would have got over three thousand pounds through the desire of Londoners to witness the procession, as all his seats were sold long before the date fixed at from three to ten guineas. In the case of the stand at St. Margaret's (which is the church par excellence for "fashionable" weddings nowadays) the profits anticipated by the rector were even greater, for the contractors had paid him no less than five thousand pounds for the privilege of using his ground. The authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral also would have gained by the natural desire of people to witness the pageant in comfort, some two thousand seats in these premises having been sold at large prices.

In their efforts to dispose of the accommodation obtainable in their stands some of the contractors had proclaimed their advantages in a most lusty fashion. For this purpose they resorted to the newspapers, several columns of which were filled daily with their advertisements. Here, for example, is a typical one:

CORONATION PROCESSION.—To those who sympathize with the working classes. Proceeds are for building a new Library in Old Kent-road.—Messrs. C. H. GLOVER and CO., Ltd., will erect a magnificent STAND in front of the "Passmore Edwards" Public Library, Borough, in respect of which Stand it is intended to offer greater attractions than any other on the route. High-class refreshments, Pin-Pong Tables, Music, and the use of the Library all day. The Procession halts in front of the Library for the presentation of Address by Some London Mayors to the King. It is intended to commemorate the event by photographing the Stand and Seatholders just before the Procession, and reproduce in book form, with the names of all Seatholders, and C. H. Glover and Co. will present a copy to each as a Souvenir, to be handed down to posterity.—Seat-letting Bureau at the Library, Borough, or the Charing-cross Seats Agency, 4, Duke-street, Adelphi, Strand, W.C.

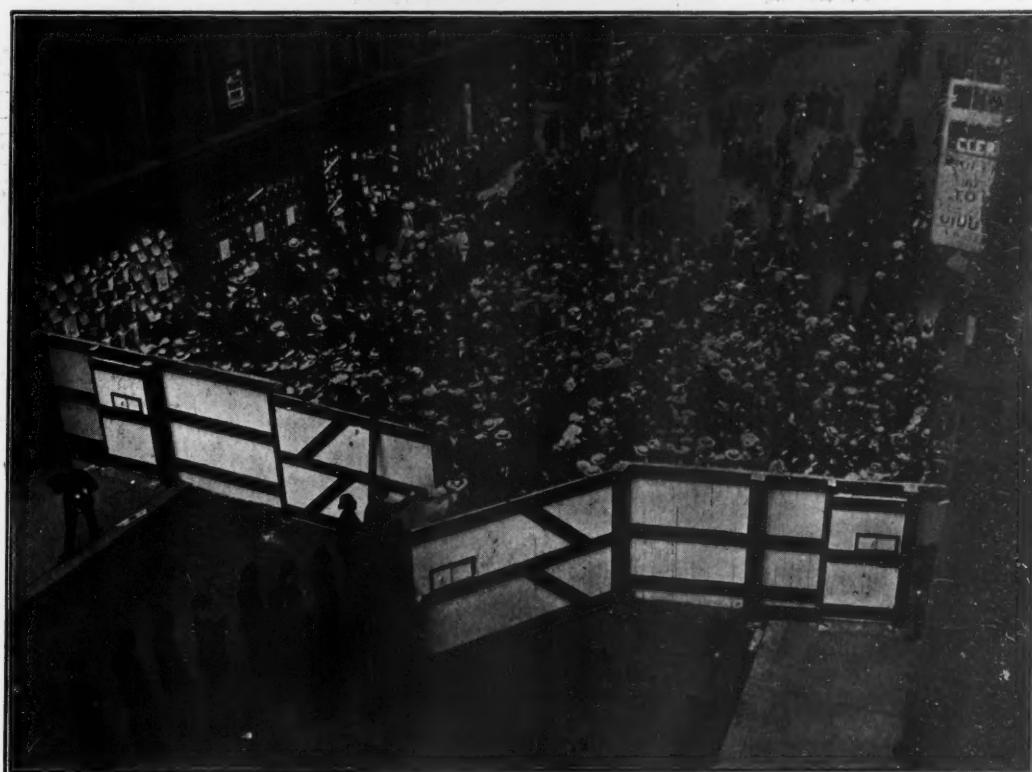
Any one who wanted more than this for his money must have been a veritable glutton.

HORACE WYNDHAM.

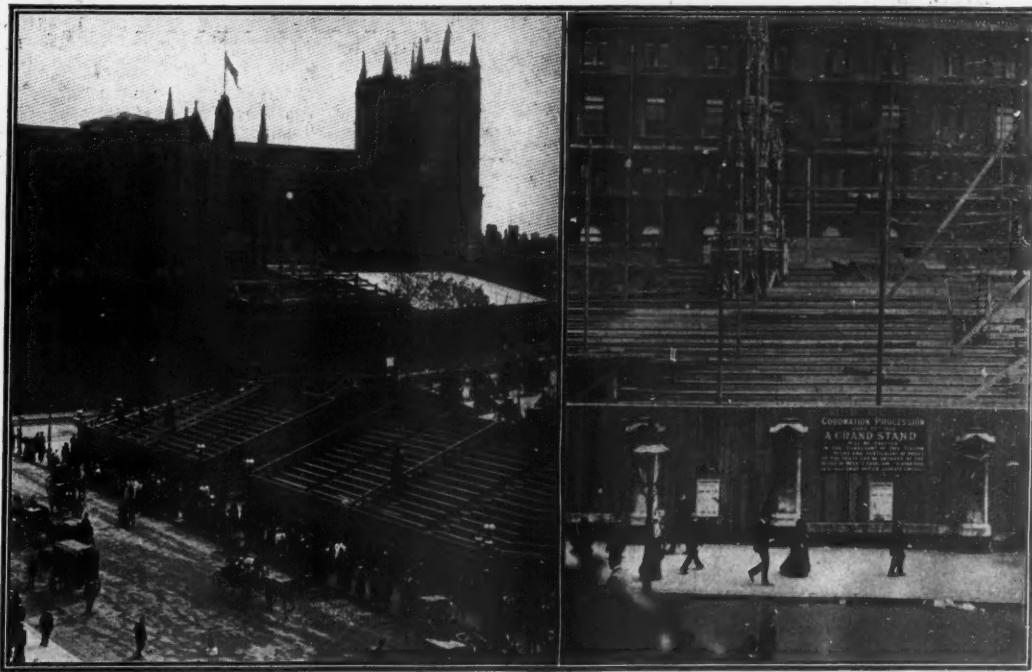


Building the temporary additions to Westminster Abbey. The middle

picture shows the King's robing-room on the corner, under construction



One of the Barricades Erected to Close Streets Crossing the Route of the Coronation Procession



Spectators' Stands around Westminster Abbey

One Section of Eight Miles of Grand Stands

ENGLAND'S SORROW



The cotton yarns *Shawknit* used in the famous *Shawknit* half-hose for men we spin ourselves, and therefore know how uniformly good they are, because *made under our supervision and invariably up to our requirements*. "We spin our own yarns" from the *long fibre, silky, soft, and durable Egyptian cotton*, shipped to us in original bales from the banks of the Nile.

Our standing *Shawknit* guarantee—*hosiery never crocks or fades—our colors will stand acid test.*

Dealers Sell This Famous Brand

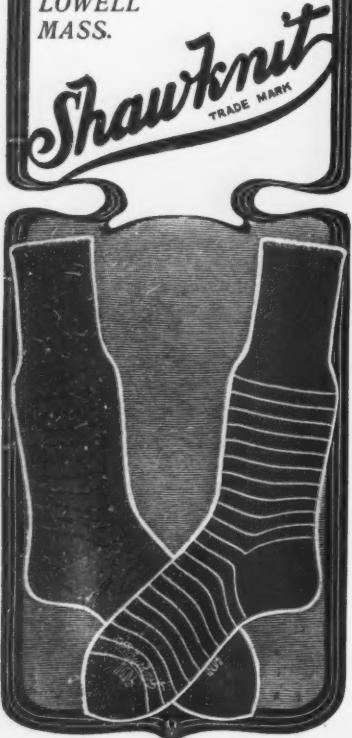
Trade Mark *Shawknit* on toe of every pair.

Fancy stripes in Men's fine Half-Hose are dressy and popular. We show exclusive styles at 25c. per pair; 6 pairs neatly boxed, \$1.50. Sent anywhere in the *United States*, delivery charges paid by us, upon receipt of price.

Sizes, 9 to 11½, inclusive
Style
B11. Cardinal Ground, White Stripe, Light, 25c.
B12. " " Black Stripe, " 25c.
B13. Royal Blue Ground, White Stripe, " 25c.
B14. " " Cardinal Stripe, " 25c.
B15. Black Ground, White Stripe, " 25c.
B16. " " Cardinal Stripe, " 25c.

Our Catalogue in colors—showing styles, weights, and prices—free upon request.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
39 SMITH STREET
LOWELL
MASS.



Buckingham Palace, where the King lay sick, and Sir Francis Laking, Chief of the Physicians in Attendance

LAST FORMAL APPEARANCE OF KING EDWARD



The King and the Queen

Arriving at Temple Bar



The King and Queen Returning down Ludgate Hill, after Thanksgiving Service for the Termination of the Boer War

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ENGLAND'S TRAGEDY

Cabled from London by **RICHARD HARDING DAVIS**, Our Special Correspondent

A SPECIAL, EXCLUSIVE REPORT OF THE CATASTROPHE WHICH PREVENTED THE CORONATION OF EDWARD VII., CABLED IN FULL TO COLLIER'S WEEKLY, FROM LONDON, BY MR. DAVIS, WHO WAS SENT BY US TO ENGLAND TO CABLE A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION



Richard Harding Davis

conceive hanging over all the shadow of death, and he can appreciate how far-reaching, how momentous, how tragic, was the postponement of the ceremony of the Coronation of Edward VII.

The preparations for the Coronation began so many months ago that before the day approached the people were already wearied of it. It had ceased to be a nine days' wonder three months before the date settled for its celebration; but the declaration of peace, the fact that the King who was to be crowned had commanded, begged and intrigued to bring that peace about, and the eruption upon the scene of many thousand enthusiastic Colonials from all corners of the Empire, gave the Coronation a new value, and London, which had resisted the onslaughts of Jubilees, and Victory and Peace celebrations, was shaken and overwhelmed. It ceased to be the staid, majestic capital of the world; it became merely a background, a painted scene, a draped and decorated booth set for this one great ceremony.

As some one has pointed out, one of the first signs of the Coronation was the pursuit and capture in Siberia of those little animals whose skin is used to trim the robes of the peers. The fact illustrates how far-reaching in its nature was the ceremony. It is but one instance of the thousands which show how this celebration in Westminster Abbey troubled the waters of every one of the seven seas, and while in distant lands Colonial Prime Ministers, tributary Sultans and African Kings, Maharajas of India and Princes of Europe, ordered new uniforms and selected picked men from their picked regiments, in London lords and ladies, represented by the ablest jurists, battled before the Earl Marshal for the privilege of strewing flowers before his Majesty, of carving his roast beef, of handing him a cup of wine. The advance work required for this ceremony was so stupendous, the executive ability demanded so remarkable, that the two years of rival preparations for the selection of a President of the United States are hardly more colossal, for it was not merely in London that this Coronation was to be celebrated, but in every city of every land of that "Empire upon which the sun never sets."

THE EMPIRE'S COLOSSAL PLANS

Each little village prepared its loyal address, its bonfire, its children's tea. Each city, from Durban to Calcutta, from Melbourne to Montreal, reared its arches, spread its decorations, prepared to dedicate its statue, to unveil its portrait. When, three months ago, the writer was on the island of Trinidad the question of sending fifty or a hundred troopers to the Coronation was being as bitterly debated in the papers and by even the colored cabmen as in London the peers were battling over their precedence in the Abbey itself.

In every corner of the globe, committees had been appointed; the Chamber of Commerce or the British Consul, the Viceroy or the curate, each was working, spending, rehearsing, drilling for the great day, and it was commanded that at every seaport in Africa, India and South America, wherever a British gunboat or battleship might lie at anchor, on the 26th of June she should fire a royal salute that would be heard around the world, and that every one of the one hundred thousand sailors in the service of the King should, at the moment of his Coronation, drink to his royal health.

In London itself, as the day drew near, the Coronation erupted like a volcano, overwhelming and burying the city. Her main arteries were choked, her side streets blocked, her shop fronts disguised behind walls of pine; trade, except for the traffic in seats, ceased, and for miles along the route of the procession London lost her identity and was converted into one vast auditorium—one elongated private box.

It is impossible to convey any idea of the variety and the immensity of the preparations, of the mass of detail, of the expenditure of money, of the marvellous foresight and effort. This was shown in the arrangements of the camps in the Parks for the thousands of visiting troopers, for the horses of the visiting troopers, the picked men of Hong Kong, of Ceylon, of the Malay States, of New Zealand, Natal, the island of Cyprus, Perak, the Gold Coast, Australia, Canada, and of every province of India. It was shown in the magnificence of the residences prepared for the royalties and the Indian princes—one of whom alone brought with him one hundred and thirty native servants, his own food, and his own holy water.

It was shown in the placing of sentries before the residences of the special embassies, the distribution of lonely red

coats before the American Embassy in Park Lane, the Mexican Embassy in Grosvenor Square, the Chinese Embassy at the Hotel Cecil. Only those who have placed and relieved a guard in a great city, and who know the distance between Kensington and the Thames Embankment, can appreciate that single effort.

It was shown in the wrapping of barbed wire around three thousand trees to prevent the humblest subject from climbing one of them for a better view of his Majesty and falling and hurting himself; in the placing along the route of the procession of one hundred and thirty-six temporary hospitals, presided over by one thousand eight hundred and ninety surgeons and nurses; in the building of stands for thousands of government officials and servants of the household; in the testing of these stands by regiments of guardsmen, who ran over them and jumped and stamped upon them and risked their necks in so doing; in a tea for five thousand servant girls; in a dinner for twenty thousand poor people; in the erection of Venetian masts, arches, pillars, figures in plaster-of-Paris of heroic size, gilded lions, garlands of paper flowers, fluttering white doves, fluttering pennants, fluttering flags, and the closing of sixty-two great public thoroughfares by sixty-two barricades a foot in width, and bolted and barred with bands of iron the size of a man's arm.

THE ROYAL PREPARATIONS

But more difficult than bending bands of iron had been the arranging of the mighty pageant in the Abbey, the assigning of positions in the two parades to seventy thousand troops, the designing of historical costumes, regalia, insignia, the study of traditions, the adjusting of burning questions of privilege and precedence—and in the settling of all of these knotty questions no one had been more indefatigable than the King himself.

There was hardly a heraldic design returned to the College of Heralds which did not bear a correction or suggestion with his Majesty's initials affixed. He considered the proper sites for the camps; he arranged for the collection of great sums for all the London hospitals, mammoth dinners for the London poor; he decided where stands should be erected for school children, where two hundred warships should lie at anchor at Spithead. Morning and night he worked, deciding upon thousands of questions, listening, sympathizing, judging. When some villagers disagreed as to whether the twenty pounds they had subscribed should be put into a loyal address or given to charity, he found time to write them that he would take their loyalty for granted and that they could best please him by giving the twenty pounds to those who were sick and ailing.

On the 16th of June the King reviewed a torchlight procession in the rain and caught a chill, and in the middle of that night his physician was hurried in an automobile from London, and on the following Sunday the King did not attend church service. His indisposition, so the newspapers said, was slight. Later, those who had been at Windsor reported that no one was permitted to see him; that he was seriously ill.

There were whispers, rumors and much shaking of the head. You were asked to remember the prophecy which, it was said, bore heavily upon his Majesty's mind:

"You will live to be King, but you will never live to be crowned."

But when the King started from Windsor, according to the schedule arranged, those prophets of disaster were proved to be obviously wrong. They were scouted as alarmists. The papers told the people that as the King walked from the train to his carriage he showed he had fully recovered from his cold and that he was in the best of health.

Up to the 21st of June it had been wet and cold, but the two days following were warm and full of sunshine. The people said:

"Now that his Majesty is in London we have 'King's weather.'"

The canvas covers were stripped from the plush and gilt decorations, the red soil to cover the route of the procession was dumped in readiness along the Mall, the royal visitors were busily leaving cards upon each other, others not royal packed the streets so tightly that neither the royal carriages nor the royal mail carts could move, except after long halts of five and ten minutes, and then only at a walk.

THE HAND OF FATE

Two days before the one set for the crowning of the King the morning broke warm and clear. There was content and rejoicing in the very air, for the great work of preparation was over. There was at last time to rest and breathe. All had been done that could be done to make the Coronation of Edward VII. unique, magnificent and famous in history.

The last gilt crown and the last bit of bunting was nailed in place. The last tardy potentate had arrived. The last precious ticket to the Abbey had been despatched. The eminence train had been sent from the dressmakers and the coronet from the goldsmiths, and everybody in London rose with the intent of going early to bed—for the next night would end before sunrise and each would need all the rest he could obtain to carry him through that long, gorgeous ceremony or through the period of eight hours of waiting for that long, magnificent procession through the London streets.

About ten o'clock the principal thoroughfares were so tightly packed that cabmen made detours of a mile to avoid them, and around the King's palace the people stretched in four great half-circles. At noon the King was to receive the foreign princes and potentates, and the crowd was wait-

ing to see them arrive. Those gentlemen themselves were getting into their uniforms. It was for many of them their first meeting with the King in whose honor they had journeyed half around the globe.

And then, for the first time in a life of sixty years, during which he had never ceased to be one of the conspicuous actors on the world's stage, the King did a dramatic thing. Without a moment's warning he ceased to be the tactful, easy-moving gentleman, the arbiter of fashion and of sport, the adjuster of social difficulties, and in a moment became a tragic, historic figure.

No coronation, no ceremony conceived by man, could have invested Edward VII., with the dignity, nor given him the place in history, which came to him when—with the rulers of the world assembling in his anteroom; with his waiting Empire gathering its breath for one mighty cheer—he tossed up his hands and gave up the struggle and let the world know the secret which he had risked his life to keep. That it need have been kept only forty-eight hours more, that it had already been so long secure, proves only the unlooked-for unselfishness and great courage of this man, who suffered silently that his people might not be cheated of their holiday, that his guests might not have taken their long journey in vain, that the gaping world might not know.

Of all the soldiers the King has decorated within the last three years of the war for bravery in the face of the enemy, none deserves the Cross for Valor more than himself, who grimly and silently faced disease and death, unarmed and without a comrade.

For now that the whole dramatic, pitiful story is out, England learns—now that it is too late—of the days of gnawing pain when her King forced himself to smile and bow at court, to watch a horse-race, to review a regiment, to drive through London with an assured and cheerful countenance. It is not pleasant to think of the torture of those days, of the mental anxiety as well as the bodily torment, when the King kept on his feet against the protests of his physicians, when his endurance was tested by hours of unceasing pain—pain so great that it is not decent to disclose it. Nor is it pleasant to remember that last drive through the Park to Buckingham Palace, when the people for some reason failed to cheer him heartily, while all the time he sat erect, pale and with set teeth, holding himself upright only by his will, and that they might be gratified.

A KING AND A HERO

That was his last public appearance, and should the King die that ride will be memorable in history as one of the evidences that it is not only republics which are ungrateful. Indeed, it was the Indian officers who, when they heard the news from the Bishop of London, said, "We go to pray," and for an hour and a half prostrated themselves in supplications. But if the King should live he will awake to find himself the most popular of England's sovereigns. The Briton loves pluck, he admires courage; the highest honor he has in his power to bestow is given to those who risk their lives for others, and he will not forget what Edward VII. suffered and endured for the most noble and the most humble of his subjects.

The effect of the news upon the people was to completely stun them. They went about with no great expression of grief, but as though their minds had ceased to act promptly. It meant so much and it meant so many different things to so many widely different people that it was impossible to grasp what the result and consequence would be. Anything seemed possible, even that the legends which stretched for miles over London, reading "God Save the King," might, a week later, be in use for a different man.

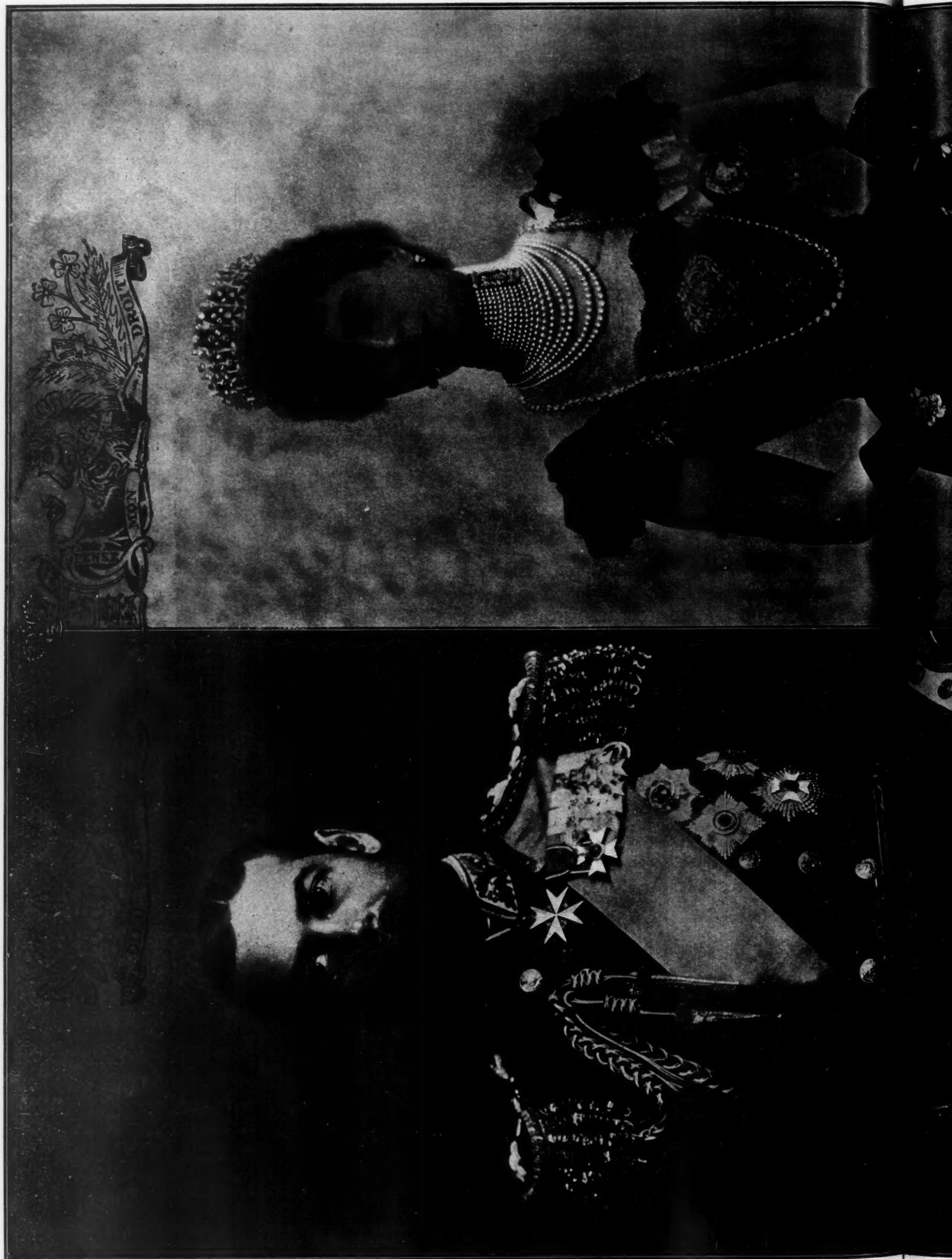
What impressed one most was not any evidence of great sorrow on the part of the people—as was shown during the brief illness of President McKinley—but the calmness with which the English nation received one of the most startling, sensational and tragic incidents in the history of the world. There was no flurry, no hysteria, no Cabinets were upset, no pretenders arose.

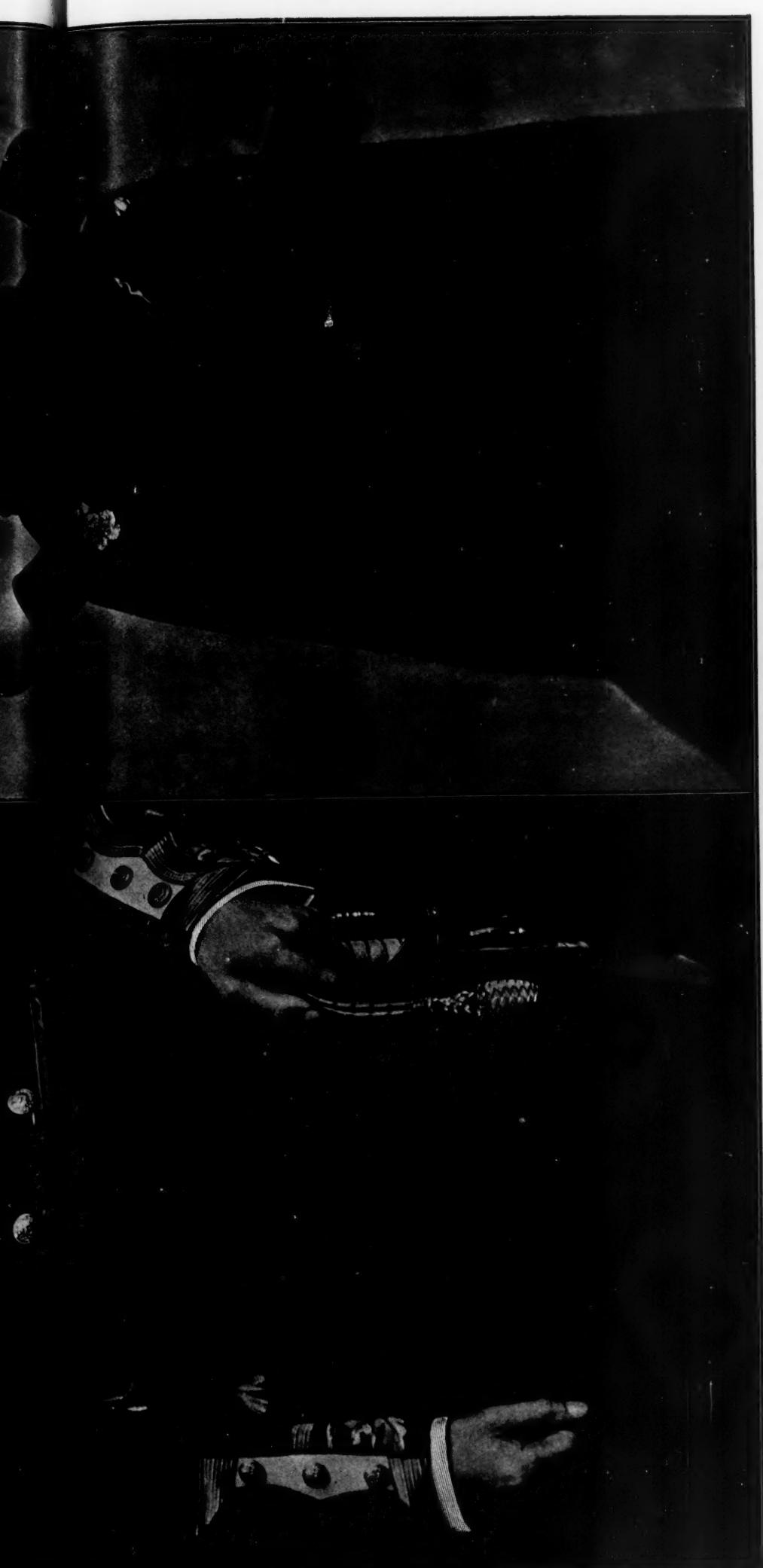
There is no question but that many suffered heavily in pocket. Some tradesmen and speculators in seats were all but ruined, but even they uttered no obtrusive note. The disappointment, the possible tragic sequel, was accepted stoically and, except on the part of the irrepressible costers, with dignity and good taste.

On Thursday, the day set for the Coronation, St. James's Street, where two days before one could not pass without the use of his elbows, became so empty that the hansom returned to their ranks and the cabmen dozed on their folded arms. The vast array of soldiers had folded their tents and melted away. The foreign potentates, who had not yet learned the address of their own houses, fled as from a pestilence. The stands came down, the decorations were stripped from the masts, the shop fronts reappeared, and when one looked over the programme of what one was to have seen it read like the play-bill of some long-forgotten Christmas pantomime. The King's champion, the gold stick, the noble pages, the beautiful duchesses, the heralds, the yeomen of the guard, they had been swept away before they had even enjoyed their brief hour of glory. Even the great crown itself, bearing the diamond which the Black Prince wore on the battlefield of Poitiers, seemed only a part of a legend. It had passed like a dream.

All that remains that is actual and real is the great gloomy palace rising black in the night, with the groups of people waiting around the velvet bulletin-boards, or looking curiously at the three half-opened windows above the terrace, where the curtains move gently in the night wind and the lights are turned low.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY





GEORGE FREDERICK IS HEIR TO THE THRONE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND ONLY SURVIVING SON OF EDWARD VII. HE WAS BORN ON JUNE 3, 1865, AND, PRIOR TO BECOMING PRINCE OF WALES IN 1901 (UPON THE DECEASE OF QUEEN VICTORIA), WAS KNOWN AS DUKE OF YORK. HIS LIFE HAS BEEN DEVOTED TO THE NAVAL CAREER, IN WHICH HE BEGAN AS MIDSHIPMAN IN 1877. HE WAS LATELY MADE A REAR-ADMIRAL, AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF THOROUGHLY VARIED AND WORTHILY EFFICIENT SERVICE.



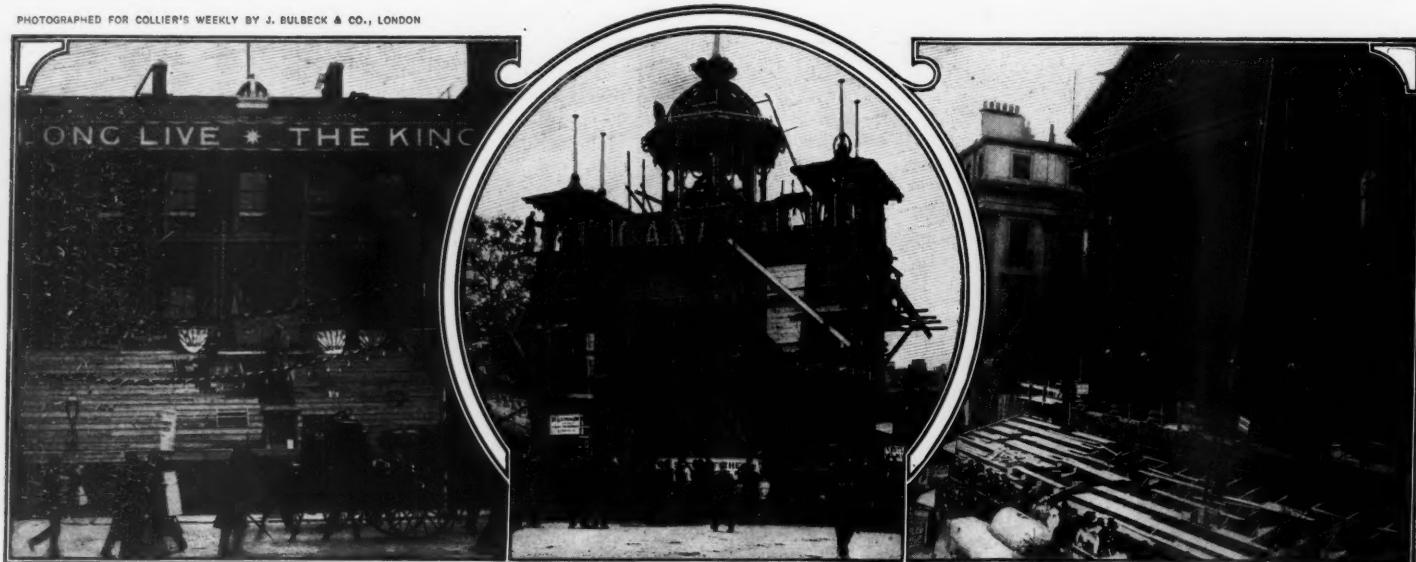
VICTORIA MARY IS A DAUGHTER OF FRANCIS, DUKE OF TECK, AND MARY ADELAIDE, A CHILD OF GEORGE, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, TO WHOM QUEEN VICTORIA WAS COUSIN. SHE WAS BORN MAY 26, 1867, AND WAS ORIGINALLY AFFIANCED TO THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, KING EDWARD'S OLDEST SON. AFTER HIS DEATH SHE WAS MARRIED (IN 1893) TO THE THEN DUKE OF YORK, BY WHOM SHE HAS FOUR CHILDREN: EDWARD ALBERT, ALBERT FREDERICK, VICTORIA ALEXANDRA AND HENRY WILLIAM.

THE HEIR TO THE BRITISH CROWN

(SEE PAGE 30)

PRINCESS VICTORIA, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCE ALBERT

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY J. BULBECK & CO., LONDON



Stands Erected at the War Office

The Canadian Triumphal Arch in Whitehall

Across the Front of the Mansion House



In Trafalgar Square, round King Charles's Statue

Parliament Square and Lord Beaconsfield's Statue

Stands Erected round St. Clement Dane's Church



The Bank of England and the Royal Exchange while Decoration and Construction progressed

At Westminster Abbey

HOW LONDON TOWN PREPARED FOR THE KING'S PAGEANT



HO! FOR THE CROWNING OF THE KING!

By WILTON THOMAS

Some people that have the Europe habit gave up their visit to England this year because they dreaded having their toes trodden in the Coronation crowds of London. But for one of this mind there were a hundred eager to be there and see "the knights who ride in all their pride" with the gorgeous pageant to Westminster. As a not unlooked-for result, the transatlantic monsters suffered from an attack of indigestion. For the first time they found themselves unable to swallow and carry in their maw the throngs of Americans who wanted to cross the ocean. The steamships taxed to their utmost caused the principal officers of some—with an eye to the weather gauge of their own fortunes—to give up their quarters to passengers. This they did that ardent Coronationists whose purses would stand the strain should not miss being on the spot when the King received his diadem. To the multitude of his Majesty's cousins who went from this side of the water were added the thousands that make up the several American colonies of the Continent. Probably there were more Americans to see London's spectacle than were present at the inauguration of Mr. McKinley.

With many the Coronation fever reached a clamorous stage, and the offices where steamship passengers are booked have been interesting places for the past few weeks. It was not so difficult to secure berths on ships that land their passengers near the Strand or Piccadilly after the Coronation, but the teasing problem was to find room on ships that got there in time for the big show. Some of the lines set the last sailing prior to the event a day ahead in order to land their passengers a few hours before the procession started from the Tower. Those to whom Coronation longings came at a late day often met with hopeless disappointment or were forced to take ships that set down their passengers in Sweden, Italy, Hamburg, or some other port far from the theatre of festivity. Not a few of these were obliged to make a flying trip by rail and water, and to count themselves lucky if they reached Charing Cross in time to see the royal cavalcade from a soapbox on the sidewalk.

The last procession from the Tower of London to Westminster Abbey, with the crowning of a king as the motive, was for Charles II. in 1661. In the face of this historical reminder, many persons were seized, at the eleventh hour, with a conviction that a long time elapses between Coronation processions. In consequence some high premiums on steamship tickets were paid by tardily ardent Coronationists in order to reach the scene before it was all over. It happened that some of the people that had secured passage for June did so without special thought to the doings in London on the 26th. When a sum sufficient to cover the cost of the trip was offered as a bonus they readily postponed their departure for a week or so. By means of these premiums a number of Coronationists thought to "save their skins." The British invasion of the United States with grand-stand tickets was a notable incident of the crowning. These structures along the line of march were "British made with British capital," as the advertisements on fences and in English newspapers remarked. The tickets were offered for sale in the larger cities here at fancy prices. Many visitors to London resisted the temptation to buy, preferring to wait and see what could be done in the open market on the spot.

Every big liner that sailed had on board hundreds of passengers that attended the earliest doings of the Coronation. When the sailing hour was early only a few most devoted ones left their beds in time to see

the pilgrims off. Farewells were hurried, and while the ship swung out to midstream there was a long broad line of waving handkerchiefs at the rail, but only a few answering flutters from the wharf. When the sailing was in the afternoon, however, a very different picture was presented. Then the rough wharf, with its furniture of bales, barrels and boxes, became the scene of a social function. There was the silken rustle of gowns and the coming and going of men in afternoon attire. Cabs rolled back and forth, depositing their fares at the gangplank. Some of the bustling people were passengers, but most of them came only to say *bon voyage*. They steamed up the cleared footway, and at the top were greeted by their friends, somewhat after the manner of a formal "at home." For the time being the ship was a vast general drawing-room where hundreds of different sets held receptions. The saloon was filled with the clack of tongues. The approach to the companionway often became clogged, and stewards had to keep the crowd moving in order—"Up to the right, down to the right, please!" But for the ship's men, the people would have sat on the staircase, as they do at a London crush. Every section of the country was represented in the assemblage. North, South, East and West sent their quota. You knew it by the territorial traits of speech—not so marked as those of Cornwall and London, but nevertheless all there. The saloon tables were heaped with boxes and baskets wrapped in glazed paper and tied with blue and pink ribbons. On each dangled a card bearing the name of the giver and the passenger for whom it was intended. As the stewards passed by they cast cynical glances on these tributes of flowers, fruits and bon-bons. Often the cards had an inscription phrasing some cheerful wish in connection with the great festival—"Felicitations of the Coronation Season," "A Happy Coronation," etc., etc.

As the ship glided out of the dock her starboard rail was an animated hedge, fluttering with white and the pure colors of natural blooms, and fringed along the top with flowers of art in the women's headgear. Some hands flourished the Stars and Stripes, some ribbons of red, white, and blue, and others aimed cameras at the throng on the wharf. Their negatives will show a forest of arms foliated with hats and handkerchiefs. A bugler on board sent into the air the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." How the old Scotch song thrilled! Far out in the river it sounded, but died before the last handkerchief ashore had ceased its waving.

Burnett's Vanilla
is pure. Don't let your grocer work off a cheap and dangerous substitute. Insist on having Burnett's.—Adv.

You look better, feel better, are better when your run down system is invigorated with Abbott's, the original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.—Adv.

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A Good Milk
for infant feeding is a mixed Cow's milk, from herds of native breeds. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk herds are properly housed, scientifically fed, and are constantly under trained inspection. Avoid unknown brands.—Adv.

Sent Free and Prepaid
to every reader of *Collier's Weekly*, who needs it, and writes for it, to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. Only one small dose a day perfectly cures catarrh, flatulence, indigestion and constipation. It clears the liver and kidneys of all congestion and inflammation and takes all irritation and catarrh from the bladder and all pain and trouble from prostate gland.—Adv.

**\$1,200
A YEAR
FOR LIFE.**

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There is nothing speculative about crude rubber. It can be sold every day in the year, in every market in the world and at a stable price that has been steadily advancing for many years. For a quarter of a century the world's supply of crude rubber has always been spoken for, months before it has reached a civilized market. It can be gathered every day in the year irrespective of weather or season. The ignorant and improvident natives who gather it to-day almost invariably "tap to death" the tree that brings them their golden harvest, and in the virgin jungle no white man can live to guide and oversee them. Hence, the price has doubled in ten years, and the question of the world's supply of rubber for the future becomes of vast moment.

We are changing the production of Crude Rubber from the primitive and destructive method heretofore employed, to the most scientific and economic plan known to modern forestry. No industry ever underwent so radical a development as we are now engaged in without making immensely wealthy those who accomplished the change.

We have 6,175 acres of land in the State of Chiapas, the most fertile soil in Mexico, and we are developing this land into a commercial rubber orchard under the most successful conditions and plans known to scientific forestry. We are selling shares in this plantation, each representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre of land. These shares are paid for in small instalments of from \$2 to \$5 per month as the work of development progresses.

We plant 600 trees to the acre, and "tap to death" 400 of them, leaving at maturity 200 trees to the acre. The product from the 400 provides dividends enough during the term of payment to pay your money nearly all back. The 200 trees remaining will then each produce at least 2 pounds of rubber every year which, at 60 cents net, means from five acres, or 1,000 trees, \$1,200 each year for more than a lifetime. These figures are based upon results now being obtained in rubber production, and they are proved by the Government reports of the United States and Great Britain, the most reliable sources of information in the world.

Five acres, or shares, in our Rubber Orchard planted to 1,000 Rubber trees will at maturity, yield you sure and certain income of \$100 a month for more years than you can possibly live. Your dividends average 25 per cent, during the period of small monthly payments.

Crude Rubber is to-day worth twice as much as it was a few years ago, and for twenty-five years the supply has not equalled the demand. Every industry, every branch of science is daily finding new uses for which it is adapted. You cannot imagine a substitute for it.

Every possible safeguard surrounds this investment. The State Street Trust Co., of Boston, acts as trustee for the shareholders throughout. It holds the title to the property. It holds the money paid in for shares and this money can only be drawn out upon evidence that the property is being developed as agreed with you. You are fully protected against loss in case of lapse of payments, or in case of death. You are granted a suspension of payments for 90 days, at any time you wish. We agree to loan you money on your shares. In fact, if there is any safeguard you desire you have only to ask for it.

Here is a safe, conservative, and permanent investment in an industry new enough to be immensely profitable, yet old enough to have lost all element of risk.

If we can prove to you that five shares in this investment, paid for in small monthly instalments, will bring you an average return of TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. ON YOUR MONEY DURING THE PERIOD OF PAYMENT, and will then bring you \$100 A MONTH FOR MORE THAN A LIFETIME, we could not keep you out. Let us prove it to you; let us answer your questions; we like them. We already have hundreds of shareholders scattered through 20 States, who have investigated and invested. We would like to send you the list of them. Doubtless some of them are known to you. Our literature explains our plan fully and concisely, and proves every statement. It will be sent to you immediately on request.

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MUTUAL RUBBER PRODUCTION CO.
97 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.



AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HOUSEKEEPING

By MRS. JOHN LANE

IN TWO PARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. B. EDDY



THE CLEVER WOMAN who wrote "American Wives and English Husbands" put her Californian heroine in a position in which the one problem she was not required to solve was English housekeeping. She might break her heart over her English husband, but the author does not add to our pangs by relating how her American bride, having first studied the peculiarities of her Englishman, next varied her soul's trials by "wrestling" with the lower but equally aggravating problems prepared for her by the English tradesman—under which general term I include all the male and female creatures, who, having helped to set up a brand-new household, immediately proceed to hinder it from running.

The problem of English husbands I leave to more gifted pens, but I may perhaps be permitted to tell what the American woman experiences, who, having "pulled up stakes," plants herself on English soil. This era of international marriages is not at all confined to the daughters of American millionaires who can afford the luxury of English dukes; nor, in giving my experiences, do I address the prospective Anglo-American duchess, who would not be likely to spend several sleepless nights, as I did, trying to decide whether she should or should not take her carpets or the "ice chest." I must, however, give one little word of advice to the American girl proposing to turn herself into an Englishwoman; and that is, she must be very sure of her Englishman, because for him she gives up friends and country, and he has to be that and more to her.

To start with, America has an undeserved reputation for being a very expensive place in which to live. The larger earnings are offset, it is said, by expenses out of proportion to the wages. Both facts are exaggerated, and in contrasting English and American housekeeping, one of the first reasons I have decided why English living flies away with money is that the currency itself tends to expense.

To start with, the English unit of money value is a penny—the American a cent, but observe that a penny is two cents in value. I am asked 8d. for a pound of tomatoes—I think "how cheap" until I make a mental calculation, "16 cents, that's dear." It is the guileless penny which, like the com-



mon soldier, does the mighty executions, and swells the bill. I look on the penny as a cent, and that is the keynote of the expense of living in London. To go further into the coinage, there is the miserable half-crown—it is more than half-a-dollar, and yet it only represents a half-dollar in importance. "What shall I give him?" I ask pitifully of my Englishman when a fee is in question. "Oh, half-a-crown," he says carelessly; I obey, but I mourn over 12½ cents thrown away with no credit to myself. Poor English people who have no dollar! Don't talk of four shillings! Four shillings are a shabby excuse for two self-righteous half-crowns. Oh, for a good simple dollar! Five dollars make a sovereign, roughly speaking—that wretched and delusive coin which is no sooner changed into shillings and half-crowns than it disappears like chaff before the wind, while the good dollars repose in one's purse, either in silver or greenbacks (very dirty, but never mind!), and demand reflection before spending. Think of the importance of a man's salary multiplied by dollars! I believe the wealth of France is due to her coinage—france are the money of a thrifty middle-class—the English coinage is intended for peers of the realm and paupers. A hundred pounds a year is not a vast income, but how much better it sounds in dollars—\$500; if, however, you multiply it by francs, 2,500 francs, why it sounds noble! Count an Englishman's income by hundreds, and it does seem shabby! Dollars, when you have 4,000 to spend, represent a value quite out of proportion to the £800 they really are. Change your English coinage—don't have half-crowns or sovereigns, but nice simple dollars (call them by any other name if you are too proud to adopt dollars), and see the new prosperity that will dawn on the middle-classes. I venture to say that a little tradesman struggling along on £150 a year will feel like a capitalist on \$750. I am not straying from my subject, for it was my first observation in English economics.

On the other hand, the days have passed in America for the making of sudden and great fortunes, nor are the streets paved with gold. The lady from County Cork does not step straight from the steerage into a Fifth Avenue drawing-room (unless by way of the kitchen), but there's work, and there are good wages, and if the lady from County Cork and her brothers and cousins would work as hard in Ireland as they do in the United States, that perplexing island would bloom like a rose; that their fences are always tumbling down, even over there, and their broken windows stuffed with rags, is

only an amiable national trait to which the Irish are loyal even in America, just to remind them of home.

"Everything is cheaper in England," everybody said when the decisive step had to be taken whether to take or leave the contents of our large house. "It won't be worth packing, taking, and storing. Send everything to auction." That was the advice. I compromised, and one day half of the dear familiar household gods were trundled off to be sold—alas! and the elect were left to be packed. Three decent men invaded the house with great pine boards, which they piled in our back-yard (every American house has a grass-grown, fenced-in space at the back of the house called a yard, for the drying and bleaching of the laundry), and the making of cases and the packing began. The packing was contracted for. The chief of the firm came, looked through each room, estimated, and gave us the price of the whole work completed and placed on the freight steamer. I am told that the English are the best packers in the world, but I have had more damage done in two cases sent from Bristol to London than in eighty cases sent from Boston to Liverpool. The three men worked three weeks, and then took all the cases out of the house and put them on the freight steamer, and the price of all this wonderful packing was about £40. What will surprise an English person is that not one of these men expected a fee. My one ceaseless regret is that I did not take everything, from the kitchen poker to the mousetrap. On the arrival of our eighty cases in London, they were received by the warehouse people, who sheltered them until the brand-new English house was ready, which was not for a year. The packing, sending, and storing of all this furniture was under £100, which, with my English experience, I knew could have bought nothing. I did question the wisdom of bringing carpets, and I do not think it pays unless they are very good and large—the remaking and cleaning are too dear to waste on anything not very good. Having my furniture safely landed, the next step was to get a house.

I find that the cheapness of English rents is misleading, for besides the rent the tenant is expected to pay the rates and taxes, which add to the original rent one-third more, only somehow it is ignored. Get a house for £150, and you can add £50 to that by way of rates and taxes. Nor does that enable you to get anything very gorgeous in the shape of a house, but one obtainable for about the same price in New York or Boston, minus those comforts which Americans have come to consider as a matter of course, until they learn better in England. Only in flats are the rates and taxes included in the rent, and when flats are desirable they are expensive. Now, living in flats is undoubtedly the result of worrying servants, and it is obtaining here as rapidly as the English ever accept a new idea—but being impelled by despair they are becoming popular. Small flats for "bachelor-maids" and childless couples are abundant and well enough, but for families who decline to be trodden on by their nearest and dearest these are impossible, and when possible very dear. The "flat" contrived for the "upper middle-classes" is a terror, and is devoid of the comforts invented by American ingenuity and skill, and the good taste which makes American domestic architecture and decoration so infinitely superior to all. I do not wish to be misunderstood—if money is no object one can be as comfortable in London as in New York, but I am only addressing the "comfortably off."

In New York I was in a flat occupied by a clerk in my husband's employ, which proves that the average man can make himself very comfortable. It was in an "apartment house" near Central Park. The street was broad and airy. To be sure the flat was up three flights, and there was no lift—but that is nothing. It consisted of six rooms, besides kitchen and bath-room, and a servant's room. It was entirely finished in oak, and the plumbing was all nickel-plated and open, and it was furnished with speaking tubes. In the nice kitchen was an ice-box, and the kitchen range was of the best. This model flat cost £6 a month, including heating, and could be given up at a month's notice.

No model flat turning up here, we were reduced to take a house, for which we were willing to give from £150 to £200. The agony of that search, and the horror of the various mansions offered! For the first time I recognized the wisdom that puts no clothes-closets in London houses, when I think of the repositories of dirt they would inevitably become. At

that time I was not on such intimate terms with the climate as I have since become, and I did not understand that it is humanly impossible to rise triumphant over fogs, smuts, and beetles. For my benefit, grim and dingy caretakers rose out of the bowels of the earth as out of a temporary tomb (always in bonnets), and showed us over awful houses in which

every blessed thing had been carried away, even to the door knobs and the keyholes—I mean of course the metal around the holes. Awful, closetless houses, guiltless of comfort, with dreary grates promising a six months' shiver, and great gaunt windows rattling forebodingly. As for the plumbing—but it is well to drop a curtain over the indescribable. I do protest, however, against the people who live in these houses—houses whose discomfort an American artisan would not tolerate—looking with ineffable self-complacency on their methods, and sniffing at our American ingenuity, and our determination to make life comfortable. Of course, we got a house, thanks to no estate agent, but as we could not rent it we had to buy it—or rather the thirty-eight years' remnant of a lease—a mysterious arrangement to an American. It was rather hard to feel that the house and all our little improvements would, after thirty-eight years, revert to the Bishop of London, to whom the estate belongs, but we thought that after thirty-eight years we might not be so very keen about it, so we disturbed an aged woman in a dusty crape bonnet and some friendly beetles, and they left the premises simultaneously. We took an architect on faith, who was to be our shield and protector against the contractor, then we folded our hands, as it were, and retired to a hotel and proceeded to recover from the horrors of house-hunting. This interval was taken up by the tradesmen of my new neighborhood to recommend themselves to me, whose address they discovered by some miracle; they grovelled before me, they haunted me with samples—eggs, cream, butter, bread followed me to the ends of England, and I finally succumbed to the most energetic. Gradually, I got accustomed to the "patronage" and "patron," rare words in America, where the "I am as good as you" feeling still obtains. I am getting used to them as well as "tradesmen" and "class," I acquiesce in a distinct serving class, conscious that not to be aware of the dividing gulf would mean the profound scorn of those we have agreed to call our inferiors. To return to the house. The architect and I looked it over—everything was wanting. The plumbing was new, but clumsy and inadequate. In an



The architect was politely acquiescent



This interval was taken up by the tradesmen

American house much less costly there would be a hanging cupboard in each room, thus dispensing with the clumsy and expensive wardrobes. The plumbing would be pretty and nickel-plated, resisting the action of the air, and easily kept clean. Here it is always brass or copper, clumsy and always tarnished. The architect suggested only the obvious, and with unwarranted faith I hardly ventured to suggest anything, but when the summer brought an American friend, who looked over the house, then approaching completion, she sat on the solitary chair and shook her head. "He hasn't thought of a single thing," she cried. "Think of not having a dumb-waiter (English: dinner-lift) in this unheated house. Stone walls and cold blasts—don't invite me to your lukewarm repasts." She added, "You must have a hardwood floor" (parquet floor) "in your drawing-room" (bearing an American she really said *parlour*). "Think of all the dirty carpets it will save." I was convinced. "My dear, you don't mean to say that you will live in this Bunker Hill Monument of a house" (she comes from Boston) "without speaking tubes?" She was aghast. "What an architect! Supposing you want to speak to the cook, why you'd have to run down four flights for a *télé-à-télé*; then supposing you want coals up four flights—must the maid climb up four flights to find out what you want before doing it? My dear, even an English servant has human legs, and she can't stand it." I was convinced. I spoke to the architect, and he was politely acquiescent, and as all these very necessary suggestions came late they were doubly expensive, and I have come to the conclusion that domestic architecture is the proper field for a woman with ideas—a mere man-architect does not know the meaning of comfort, ingenuity, resource, and economy.

As the house declined to get done, I braved the architect, the contractor, and the workmen, and arrived one day in company with a bed, a table, and a chair (also a husband), and took possession. I did have one treasure at the time—a caretaker. She saved my life, and she protected my innocent self from the British tradesman, while she gently taught me what the British servant will and will not do. She informed me when I was paying twice as much as right to the obsequious tradesman, and she regulated the (to me) perplexing fee. She was very religious, and I think she looked upon me as her mission and she was to rescue me—which she did. Her wages were £1 a week, including her food, and to be just I could not have got such a treasure in America at the

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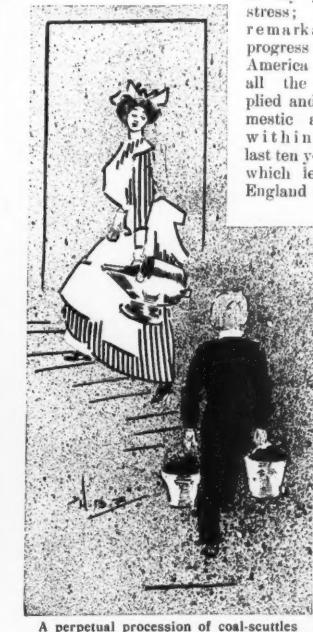
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price. The most obvious defect we discovered in our house was that it was very cold—a universal English drawback—and the inadequate open fires seem to accentuate the chill. Would that my feeble voice could do justice to the much-calamitated American methods of heating! It does pay to be less prejudiced and more comfortable! Possibly the furnace and steam heat may be a little overdone, but not with moderate care. No one can make me believe that it is healthy to sit shivering all over, or roasting on one side and freezing on the other; neither do I consider a red nose and chilblains very ornamental. I admit that furnaces are not a crying need in England all through the winter, but from December to March it is a pretence to say you are comfortable, for you are not. There is no doubt but New England has bad throat and lung troubles, yet so has Old England, and the hardening process does not save if statistics are right. If I must take cold and die, at least I prefer to do so comfortably.

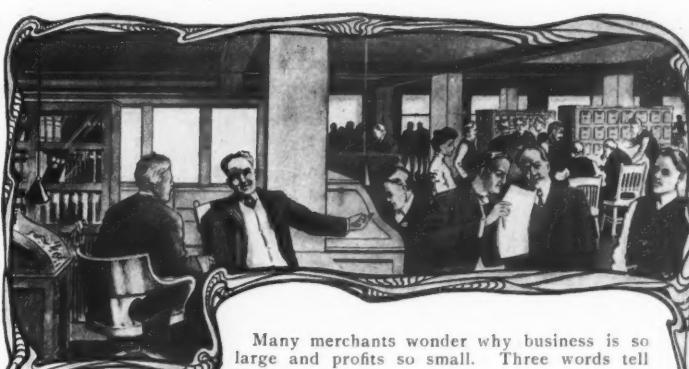
If I had a furnace I should not need gas stoves (which are certainly no more poetic than a register or a radiator, besides being distinctly sham), nor would there be a perpetual procession of coal-scuttles going upstairs, unless an open fire is desired for additional warmth and cheerfulness.

Considering the papering and painting of the house done—the painting done very roughly from our point of view. The kitchen needed a new range and we got the most expensive of its kind—expensive for America even—but the acknowledged solidity of English workmanship (which sometimes becomes clumsiness) is well in place here. The dinner-lift had been constructed for one flight, and was surprisingly dear, while the parquet floor in the drawing-room cost £27 where it would have cost £15 in America.

This brings me to a point on which I wish to lay great stress; the remarkable progress in America in all the applied and domestic arts within the last ten years, which leaves England far



behind. Our English house was just old enough to be surprisingly ugly—it belongs to the early Victorian period. Without feeling ourselves justified in spending too much money in its decoration, we did feel that we might put away the funeral mantel-pieces, and set up something more aesthetic. Our architect—always obliging and never suggestive—took us to see wooden mantel-pieces, and we found them expensive and clumsy. In this strait my Englishman had an inspiration. "Buy them in New York" (we were just going over), "and you will find them prettier, better, and cheaper even if the freightage has to be added to the price." I would not believe him because I also was still laboring under the delusion that England was cheap and America dear. However, we went to New York and there we bought three wooden mantels—six feet high and six feet wide—of the best quartered oak, of so simple and graceful a design that they are always noticed and admired, and these three were packed, sent, and landed at our front door in London, and the price, all included, was not much more than we should have paid for the only one in London of which I approved. I feel convinced that there is a great market here for American wood-work as well as leather, iron, and glass, for with English excellence of workmanship they combine a taste which adapts the best to its own uses. It would revolutionize the decoration of English houses. The American has the advantage that he is not conservative where that stands between him and progress. That something was good enough for his ancestors is no reason why it should satisfy him. Because they chose to freeze is no reason why he should. Somehow, I always come back to the inadequate heating, for as I write my face is flaming while a lively icicle penetrates my spine.



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A BATHING SUIT THAT MAY BE MADE AT HOME

By ROSA E. PAYNE

FIRST PAPER: TO CUT OUT THE PATTERN

MANy home dressmakers are clever in designing their own garments and would be equally so in cutting their own patterns if they knew the way. To enable them to do so is the object of this paper. The bathing suit shown in the illustration is a pretty and stylish design, although as simple one, and admits of variations to suit individual taste.

Of course, the first step toward making the bathing suit is to procure the material. The most popular textures are brilliantine, mohair and washing silk. If black is the color chosen, the quality must not be poor, as it soon becomes colorless. Navy blue is better, as it only becomes paler. In fact, it is, as generally the case, greater economy to use a fair quality of whatever texture is employed. The bands trimming the costume illustrated are white piqué; the vest front is of the same, trimmed with narrow braid or stitching to match the color of material; the ties may be of washing ribbon or piqué, as preferred. The necessary quantity of 46-inch material is $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards; 1 yard of 30-inch wide piqué or drill.

In order to cut the pattern properly, the following instructions should be strictly adhered to:

If you do not already possess a plain bodice pattern, use an old lining which has fitted well, cutting it off just below the waist-line. Separate the parts, including the sleeve, and iron them flat, taking care to press the iron along by straight threads only: this is to restore the original shape. From this flat pattern the blouse will be cut.

Commence with the Front.—Place that on a sheet of paper, as shown in Diagram I, in which it will be seen that the front edge from neck corner to figure line is placed straight with, and a little way from, the edge of the paper. A line should be ruled from the neck corner straight down like that marked A in diagram. Cut the paper half-inch outside the waist, side and shoulder edges of pattern and at quarter-inch outside armhole. Fold the upper front of pattern by the line B, and the paper with it. Cut the paper along the shoulder edge, sloping it gradually up to half-inch higher at armhole end. Then cut the turned-over paper in a more or less direct slope, as from C to D in diagram; lay it back again, and the shape will be according to the lines of the diagram. This is the pattern for the front of blouse, without allowing for turnings, unless they were left on the original pattern, in which case half-inch must be allowed on the front edge and an inch at the waist.

To cut the Back.—Place the several parts of original pattern together as shown by the dotted lines in Diagram II, and cut out the paper pattern from it thus placed, with the allowance for fulness as illustrated by the spaces between the dotted lines and as much larger as the front. The back of the collar is also shown on this diagram, and needs no explanation.

To cut the Sleeve.—A pretty fair result for this little sleeve might be obtained by cutting a curved piece to the shape of about an eighth of a circle, making the inner edge the size of armhole, but a better result will be obtained by pinning the upper parts of your original sleeve together as if seamed; also pin up two plaits at the upper edge to take out any extra size beyond that required to fit the armhole easily. This is

shown in Diagram III. E indicates the fold of the sleeve and paper; F the line where the paper is to be cut off for the length. Next

two ends meeting at $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the fold G as in diagram and slope off the lower part by line H. Now you have the desired shape of the sleeve—and a very pretty one to use as it is—but the frill effect has to be obtained.

To do this so as to know that it is absolutely correct, and will not set out in some places and flat elsewhere, slash the pattern from the lower edge almost through to the upper one at equal distances apart. Place it so cut, on the paper, with the corners apart; slightly where the sleeve will come under the arm, gradually widening the spaces to the middle of the upper part, indicated on the diagram by an arrow. Cut out the new pattern by the shape thus obtained and you will have the desired frill effect.

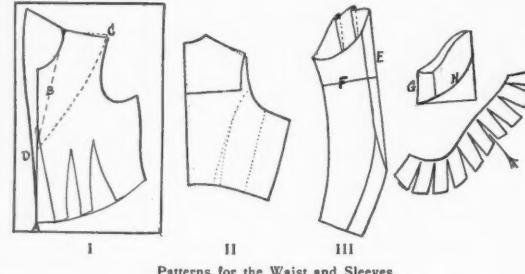
To cut the Pattern for the Bloomers, set above the Knees.—For a medium sized figure, with length from waist straight down to knee tip 23 inches, proceed as follows: Cut a 34-inch square of newspaper represented by the outside lines of the diagram. From point A measure up the edge of paper, and mark B at 8 inches, C at $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and D at $30\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Measure across from A, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches and mark the point E; from B measure across $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches and mark F; from D at 5 inches across mark G; and at 8 inches across mark H. Draw the lines as in the diagram, connecting these letters. Next, from corner I measure up $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches and mark J; also 26 inches and mark K; from I at .4 inches across mark L; from J at $\frac{1}{2}$ inch mark M; from K at 5 inches mark N, at 8 inches O, at $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches P, at $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches Q, at 16 inches R. Draw the lines connecting those letters as in diagram, observing that the line from L to M is much straighter than that from C to E. Mark the darts 5 inches long and, if desired, make another at the back of hip. The only thing to be careful of in cutting by square measure is that the measurements are strictly at right angles. Newspaper helps this, hence I advise its use. A quarter-inch square-ruled paper is made, but it is difficult to obtain, and somewhat costly.

To cut the Skirt Pattern.—Have a sheet of paper $32\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $35\frac{1}{2}$ wide. Follow diagram. From point A measure down and mark B at $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches; C at 3 inches, D at $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, E at $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, F at $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, G at $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches, H at $12\frac{1}{4}$ inches, I at $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and J at $32\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Measure across from A and mark K at $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches; from B at $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches mark L; from C at $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches mark M; from D at $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches mark N; from E at 5 inches mark O; from F at $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches mark P; from G at $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches mark Q; from H at $38\frac{1}{2}$ inches mark R; and from I at 28 inches mark S. Draw the lines from the letters as in diagram, observing the curve between O and F, and nicely rounding the lower edge. This latter may be checked in the following way: the front length is 26 inches, the length straight through centre of first dart should be 27 inches, again through the centre of second dart $27\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the same at the back. This skirt may, if preferred, be divided into gores in the same way.

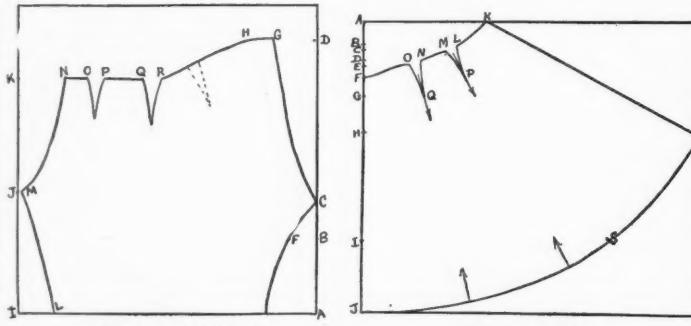
Now you not only have the full-sized patterns, but by the diagrams you can at any time cut them again if necessary.

Full instructions for the making of the suit, after the pattern has been cut, will be published in a second paper next week.

slope out the top edge as required, without unpinning the plaits. Next fold the short paper pattern with the



Patterns for the Waist and Sleeves



Pattern for the Skirt

THE PIES THAT MOTHER MADE—By HELEN COMBES

SOMETIMES when appetite is shy, and nothing seems to fit, When of the dainties that abound I cannot eat a bit, I feel an inward hankering, which always makes me sigh, With longing for a generous piece of mother's home-made pie. I taste again its flaky crust, just melting on my tongue, Fond memories of its goodness for years to me have clung; Could I but choose just what I'd eat, why you can bet I'd take A pie—nay, half a dozen pies—like mother used to make.

When mother made mince pies for us, she did not buy a brick Of some strange compound at the store, enough to make us sick; She peeled the juicy apples, the fattest raisins popped Into the fragrant, spicy mess, and chopped and chopped and chopped; And moistened it with cider or orange juice or wine, And stirred again, and tasted, and pronounced it very fine; And when the pie plates all were filled, and some began to bake— Gee Whittaker! I smell those pies that mother used to make.

No matter what the filling, 'twas sure to be the best, Though we said sometimes that pumpkin was king of all the rest. One thing that greatly pleased us was that each could eat his fill, With no fear of indigestion, or a lengthy doctor's bill. There always was a plenty, for mother knew the crowd— And the appetites they carried—and generally allowed. Some nights in dreams I see the rows: oh! how I hate to wake And find the pies have vanished, that mother used to make.

My friends and neighbors call me a mighty lucky chap; They say, "He has a 'barrel,' and need only turn the tap To buy whatever he may wish." You see, they do not know That money will not buy the pies, the pies of long ago. And I sometimes think with envy of a little barefoot boy, Who hadn't any money, but a heart brimful of joy, With just two things to comfort him, for every pain and ache: A kiss, and then a piece of pie that mother used to make.



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By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

I CAN THINK of no better lesson on how to choose fish than this; if it is possible in your own neighborhood, or while vacationing this summer, go to see a fishing boat empty its gleaming cargo on the wharf and make an individual study of that cargo. Learn to know the ear-marks—not only those left by St. Peter on a haddock, but the signs of perfect freshness on all fish. Do not be afraid of touching them; fresh smelts have the fragrance of violets, and every fish has a wholesome smell. Turn them over, examine them closely. "An eye like a dead fish" refers to a fish which has lain for weeks in cold storage, not to one just from the water. It will have eyes as full and almost as clear as any live creature. Notice the gills; they will be beautifully red, the fins will be stiff, the scales shining, and the flesh so firm that it springs right back after the finger has been pressed into it. One cannot expect, especially if your home is some distance from the ocean or the great lakes, to find in market fish as superlatively fresh as when lifted straight from the net. Still, to be fit for human food they should not have lost much of their beauty. The signs to avoid are limp fish, dull eyes, pale, liver-colored gills, flesh in which you leave a dent by an impression of the finger, streaks of gray or yellow in the skin and flesh, and the slightest symptom of a disagreeable odor. If you have to make the choice between salt pork and a fish of this description, choose salt pork; it is infinitely more healthful; it does not contain a possibility of poisoning.

When purchasing halibut or sword fish, where the head and fins have been removed, the test is pearly white or shining gray skin, firm flesh and a good odor. It is an excellent rule never to buy fish which is out of season. If you want bluefish in February or shad in November, you can probably obtain it—fish dealer will produce almost anything from his refrigerator at any time of the year—but you may rest assured it has seen a repose of months in cold storage. If not really dangerous to eat, it will

The cooking of fish depends very largely on taste, for various methods apply frequently and most appetizingly to the same fish. Take halibut, for instance. It may be baked, broiled, fried or boiled, and be quite as delicious in one way as another. This rule is also true of cod, haddock and nearly every kind of white-fleshed fish. What a cook or a fish dealer calls dark fish—this class contains bluefish, mackerel, herring, salmon, eels and shad—are best suited for broiling, baking or planking. They contain so much oil distributed through the flesh that it requires a dry, intense heat to make them palatable. Salmon is an exception to this rule, being at its best when boiled. An old saying declares, "Small fish should swim twice—once in water, once in oil." It is a good proverb for the cook to remember, because it applies well to every tiny fish—smelts, brook trout, perch, white-bait, catfish, sunfish, bullheads, and everything in small finny things, partly for the preservation of the small amount of meat on their bones, should be carefully stripped, cleaned, egged, crumbed and fried. Sometimes these small fish are sautéed, but they are not so good nor so wholesome as when they "swim in oil."

The fish which plank to perfection are shad, whitefish, mackerel, bluefish, red snapper and pompano. There are a number of real advantages to this method of cooking: it is so easy, it may be done in any hot oven of a coal or gas stove, the wood imparts a flavor to the fishes which can be obtained in no other way. Then there is no difficult task of sliding it from a broiler or bake-pan to the platter, because it is the proper thing to send the plank straight

to the table laid on a folded towel. If you have to prepare a fish yourself for planking, remember it must be cut down the back instead of down the stomach, the thin portion of the flesh going on the middle of the plank.

If you have no fish kettle, improvise one. Line a wire basket with a napkin, allowing the linen to fall over the edges; put in the fish, oiling it slightly if it is large, and drop the basket in the boiling water. This is an easier method for lifting it out whole than if set right in the kettle.

An oily fish, such as mackerel or bluefish, needs no enrichment of fat before broiling; a white-fleshed fish does. If it is cut in steaks, saturate it with oil or melted butter and a good seasoning of pepper and salt, then put between the wires of the broiler. Lay the thickest end in the centre of the broiler over the hottest part of the fire, skin side up. Let it get perfectly crisp and brown on the flesh side before turning. Broil the skin side very carefully; it is apt to burn. Set it in a hot oven for five minutes to thoroughly finish the cooking.

Fish of all sorts requires the accompaniment of a starch food to make a well-balanced meal; it may be bread, rice, potatoes or macaroni.

An iron fish sheet, with rings at each end for handles, may be made by any tinsmith for twenty-five cents. Grease it well before setting the fish to cook and lay under it strips of salt pork; then set it in a baking-pan. You will find it very easy to slip a baked fish from this sheet on to a platter.

When baking halibut pour milk over and around it before setting it in the oven. It keeps the fish moist, improves the flavor and makes it brown more thoroughly.

In spite of careful watching a fish will occasionally break in the boiling. Do not try to patch it together into an unsightly heap of skin, bones and meat. Flake it quickly and lay in good-sized portions on a large platter. Garnish with roses of mashed potato squeezed from a pastry bag and over the fish pour a sauce. This transforms an almost hopeless failure into a most attractive dish.



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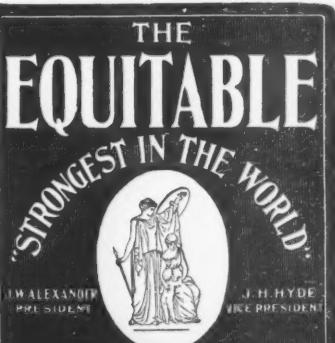
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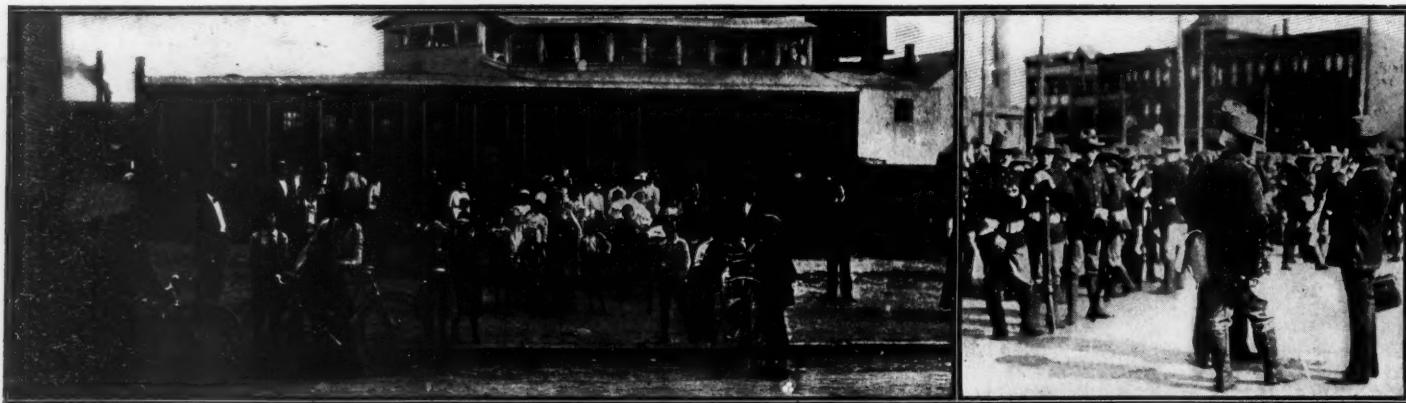
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The Hall Silk Mill at Paterson, Scene of recent Bloodshed

State Troops on Guard in the Streets



New Jersey State Militiamen ready to form up at the Railroad Station in Paterson



The Crowd watching the Troops on Guard at the Armory in Paterson

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN PATERSON

By JOHN HINCHCLIFFE, MAYOR OF PATERSON

PATERSON, the Silk City, has become the City of Misfortune. Within the year her citizens have had to fight fire, blizzard and flood, each of which wrought widespread devastation, involving heavy losses and the sacrifice of human life. At the same time she has suffered from strikes and riots. At present the citizens are bending every effort to end a protracted strike among the silk dyers, to suppress anarchy and to punish those who incited the strikers to riot on June 18. Because of her misfortunes—which include that poisonous vine known as anarchy, and which seems to have taken root in this city, producing monster blossoms known as regicides, Bresci in particular—Paterson has become a city of national character, the most widely known New Jersey town.

In the world of work Paterson is to the United States what Lyons is to France—silk manufacture being our principal industry. With an invested capital of nearly \$20,000,000 and output valued at \$28,000,000, the total wages paid yearly is \$7,000,000 and the number of wage-earners about 23,000. This means that practically 100,000 persons, out of a total population of 110,000, are dependent upon the silk industry in Paterson. Despite these figures, our labor troubles would be merely of local interest were it not for the fact that any

change in economical conditions in this industry in Paterson affects the textile industries throughout the country and that anarchy has taken root in the silk industry here.

That we succeed in our present efforts to expel this anarchistic element is of importance to the whole world. We have formed a Vigilance Committee—I might compare it to the one which stamped out lawlessness in the early days of San Francisco. Anyway, it is composed of business men who have signified their intention to aid me in ridding this city once and for all of the so-called Right to Existence group of anarchists which infests the city. Within a short time prison doors will close upon all the leaders who incited honest workingmen of Paterson to riot, and all other avowed anarchists will be railroaded out of town in different directions. I believe that when we have eliminated the anarchistic element from among our workingmen strikes and other labor troubles in Paterson will not again be characterized by violence, rioting or bloodshed. This, at least, is the best plan we have yet formulated for averting in future anything approaching the scenes which terrorized our people on June 18.

The recent labor troubles in Paterson began on the morning of April 22, when the postman handed one of the "boss dyers" of this city the following letter:

"Sirs—What we want is fifty-five hours a week at 20 cents an hour; and 30 cents an hour for overtime. This is the only notice you will receive and we will give you until 9.30 to post your answer in the mill."

It was then 9 o'clock. The dyers had allowed their employer only half an hour to consider an increase in expenses amounting to \$125,000 for the year. The dyers' helpers were then receiving 16½ cents an hour, or \$9 per week. Here was a demand for \$11. The increase of two dollars, if paid by all the dye shop owners in Paterson, would mean that operations for the year would cost \$360,000 in excess of the calculations upon which contracts had been taken. The business of dyeing involves large contracts covering long periods of time. To increase the wages immediately would mean great loss for some and financial ruin to more. The thing was impossible.

Nevertheless, exactly at 9.30 the men in the dye works were literally steamed out. Some one had maliciously opened the steam valves and scores of men who really desired to work were forced to leave their tubs. This would have been but a commonplace occurrence in the labor world had not some of the hot-headed foreigners among the strikers (and here entered the anarchistic element) headed the

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employees of this establishment and led them, mob-like, to another dye shop, then to another, and so on until every one of the 3,700 dyers, helpers and finishers in Paterson had been forced "out."

That morning silk worth hundreds of thousands of dollars was left in the tubs to be ruined. Those who tried to save it were forced away. This silk was not the property of the employers, but that of others left in their care to be dyed. In the tubs was fully 150,000 pounds of silk, most of it in the sulphuric acid bath. It was worth \$3.50 a pound. Had the loss been total, not one boss dyer would have had capital enough to avoid insolvency. As it was, some of the bosses saved the silk by rolling up their own sleeves and enlisting the aid of a few faithful helpers, each of whom was given a share of stock, and was thus elevated from the rank of striker to the dignity of stockholder.

As the result of that morning's work, six strikers are now serving terms of from one to two years in our State prison. The sentences were imposed to make it plain to aliens in Paterson that they must learn to obey the law, that foreigners cannot come to this country to work and resort to violence with impunity during labor troubles, and that the law permits workingmen to organize, but not to destroy property and threaten human life.

It was a lesson the foreigners remembered throughout eight weeks of the strike, until that eventful June 18, when, incited by McQueen and Galliano, publishers and editors of anarchist papers, the strikers invaded the streets of Paterson, a frenzied mob, knowing not what they did.

SPREADING THE TROUBLE

The intervening eight weeks had been uneventful, not unlike the passing of time during a strike in other cities. The strikers had formed a union, however, called the United Dyers, Helpers and Finishers of America, and the boss dyers formed the Silk Dyers' Association.

Emissaries were sent to Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts and elsewhere to induce the silk skin dyers to strike in sympathy with those in Paterson. All such attempts were failures. The emissary who went to Pennsylvania was the leader of the striking dyers. Before leaving he said to his followers, in open meeting: "I warn you against traitors while I am away. I have been offered \$2,000 to sell you men out and \$14 a week as long as I would work. I have spurned both offers for your sakes." This leader was thereafter regarded as a hero. It was he who said later: "I have done my best to keep the men together and to show them that observance of the law is more to our advantage than violation of it. If the men are forced to acts of violence it will be the fault of those who are goading them on to it."

Meanwhile, the leading boss dyer, representing the other side of the case, said: "We have lost all of the spring orders, and at the present time I would have nothing to start work on if the strike were declared off, for I have not a single order in my shop. I had a great many, but the silk manufacturers have taken them back, telling me that they would know better when the strike is ended what they wanted. How, with such a condition of affairs, can I grant men an increase of wages? There is nothing left of the business at the present time; it is all gone to pieces, and we are not in a position to do anything until we find whether we can get our business back. To grant an increase at all we should have to arrive at an understanding not only with the silk manufacturers, who employ us, but with our competitors all over the country. The boss dyers will not give in. They are more determined now than they were when the strike first occurred. They are bitter against the strikers, not because they struck for more

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wages, but for the manner adopted by the men during the first days of the trouble. The strikers may not believe that this is so, but it is so.

Upon the work of about 3,700 dyers, 15,000 looms in Paterson alone depend; and as there are about 55 silk mills in the city, the inevitable result of the prolonged strike of the dyers was to throw thousands of warpers, winders and weavers out of work. At the end of the eighth week of the strike, fully 12,000 workers were idle in other branches of the silk trade, making, with the dyers, about 15,000 in all. The loss to the workers in wages amounted easily to \$1,000,000—a loss which always falls, too, almost as heavily upon local tradesmen whenever there is a strike.

Such was the situation on that Wednesday morning when the news came to me, over the telephone, saying that the strikers, after a meeting on the outskirts of the city, were rushing to attack the silk mills, led by two men, McQueen and Galliano. After the series of calamities that had almost overwhelmed us during the past few months, was the city to be the victim of still one more calamity, this time a mob bent upon destruction? Already the strike had lasted two months with a loss of half a million each month in local trade. No wonder, then, that the citizens of this city stood by me when I took drastic, heroic measures to prevent further rioting after that fatal Wednesday when the mob destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of property, and when a number of persons were shot or otherwise injured.

The story of that riot was told in all its details in the press of the country. Five hours it raged—a storm of human passions—and then we had it under control. The police force was increased, armed and ordered to "shoot to kill" if need be. When I sent out to buy revolvers for the deputies—who were sworn in as fast as the silk manufacturers sent us the candidates—I found there were only twenty-three guns of any kind to be bought in all Paterson. This shows that the strikers were well armed, that they had been preparing for at least two weeks.

THE ANARCHISTS PREPARED

That they really carried deadly weapons was soon proven. As soon as word was received that they were approaching the first silk mill, I sent seven policemen, all the available men I could find at the moment, to intercept them. Before my men could step out of the patrol wagon one of the seven was shot, leaving six bluecoats to face a mob 3,000 strong. In the wild throng there were at least 600 women. Indeed, in the front rank, a woman was wildly brandishing a club, crying to the others to "Come on." "Careful," shouted the policeman in charge of the squad, "don't shoot that woman." At that moment a volley crashed from the depths of the mob—500 shots at least were fired. Simultaneously the six policemen began emptying their revolvers, ever careful not to hit the woman leader.

Next day, by request of the silk manufacturers, who asked for the State's fullest protection, I telephoned the Governor to send troops. With a squadron of cavalry and eight companies of infantry, the silk district became as an armed camp. Peace reigned.

In thus reviewing the recent labor troubles in Paterson I have sought to be impartial, as one who is responsible for law and order, whose sympathies are enlisted on both sides so far as each is in the right, and who wishes justice for all.

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I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

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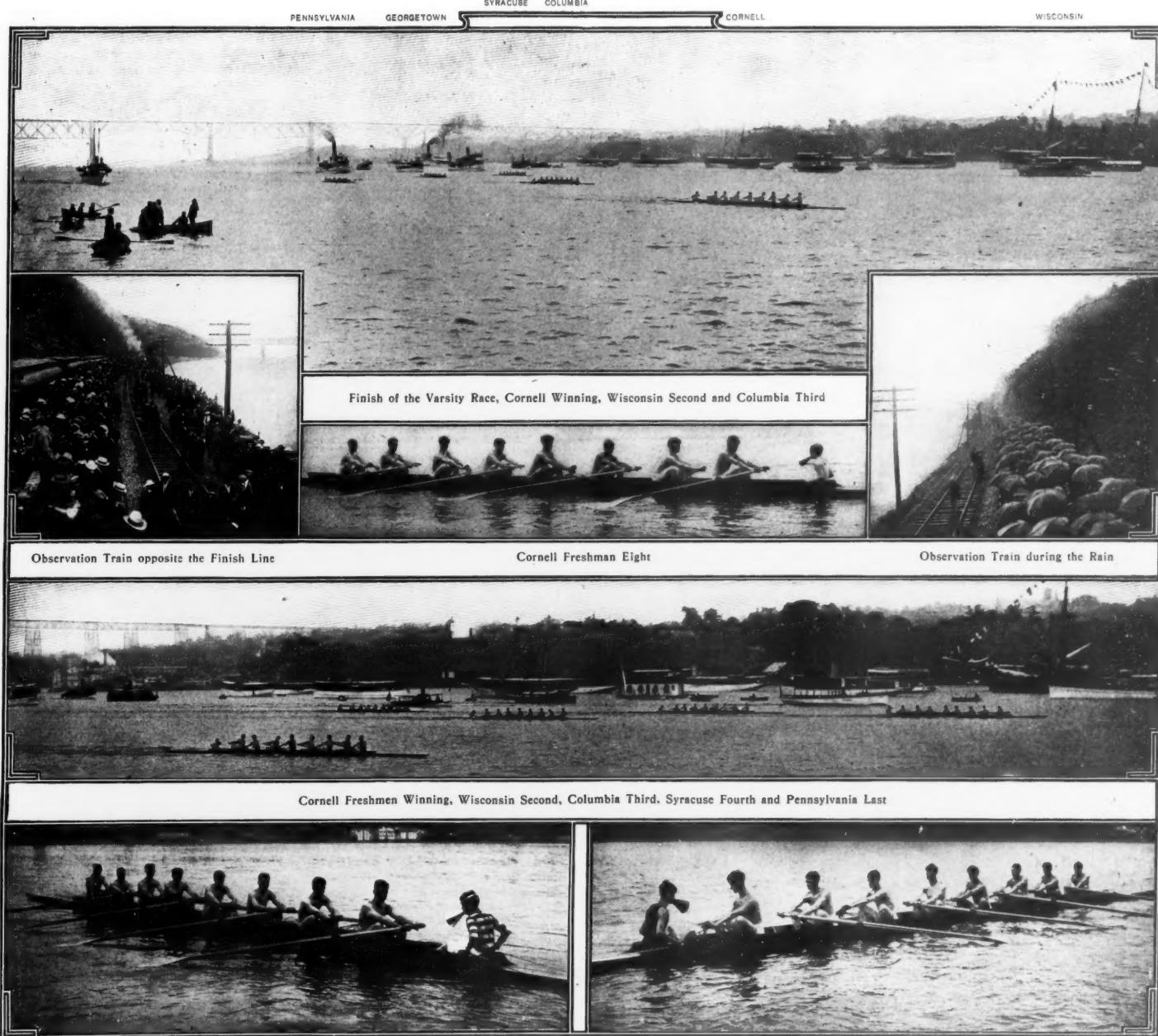
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INTERCOLLEGiate ROWING ASSOCIATION REGATTA HELD AT POUGHKEEPSIE, JUNE 21

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMPCoach Courtney,
Cornell

up to the starting-line. At that slow stroke they were spacing a long lap, and the boat was steady on its keel, with a beautiful, easy run as the eight men came aft on their slides. No more unpropitious day in its early promise could have been found. It rained and blew, and the east wind promised more before the afternoon should be over. But along about noon more cheering conditions were appearing. The wind was less, and only came in short-lived flurries, and the rain was occasionally ceasing. By three o'clock it was evident that as far as the water under the shells—and that was the most important point—was concerned it would be all right, no matter how much might fall from the heavens upon the spectators. And even then the fates were propitious, for although the skies darkened most threateningly several times, but little rain fell, and that, too, only upon the occasion of one short trip up the river by the observation train and never once during any one of the races themselves.

"DROWNED in the Red C!" might well be the epitaph of the oarsmen and backers of all the crews save Cornell that rowed on the Hudson on June 21. From start to finish it was that Red C, Cornell and Courtney, that was ever in the van, never headed, four-oar, freshman and varsity following each other in a quick succession of most impressive triumphs, until even the most ardent and loud-lunged supporters of other crews lapsed into silence at the hopelessness of urging their men in the stern-chase of those steady-rowing Ithacans.

And Cornell thoroughly deserved every particle of her triple victory, for her crews never displayed prettier manhood, while the stamina, which upon one or two occasions was wanting two and three years ago, was all there this time. A sturdier and more perfectly muscled set never sat in a boat than appeared manning Cornell's varsity shell as they paddled rhythmically

Hence the crowd was a happy one and ever ready to take advantage of the passing incident for merriment and fun. As the train took its varied journeys up the stream one rejoiced at the allegiance to Columbia of the maid in the light blue stockings, felt a little dazzled by the brilliant red waists of two local supporters of Cornell, and wondered if the mixed red and blue streamers of one of Pennsylvania's devoted adherents would "run" if the threatened rain should fall. Nor did Georgetown and Syracuse lack for support, the unaccustomed yellow of the latest comers making quite an Eastern contrast to the other flags. But the most enlivening incident of the day, outside the races, was the sudden flashing by of soubrette loveliness which stretched longing arms at the press car, and, had the train been journeying at slower speed, might have occasioned defections in the ranks.

The first race on the programme was the four-oar. Although this is never a particularly popular one, it is of the greatest interest to students of rowing form as an indication of the style of the crews in the real race of the day, the varsity. This may be better understood when it is said that the four-oared crews are, as a rule, the overrump from the varsity boats and from their number substitutes are drawn for the varsity boats should occasion demand. Hence the style of rowing as shown in the four-oar is almost always that which will later on be displayed by the men manning the varsity shells. It is true that these four-oared crews are the men who have been beaten out by their superiors in the struggle for the higher honors, but that may be due to physique or endurance quite as much as form. No better demonstration of this fact could be found than in the last two years at Poughkeepsie, when Courtney has in his crews showed in each instance an especially high grade of watermanship as well as stroke in all his boats. In the four-oar this year there were but three entries—Cornell, Pennsylvania and Columbia—Cornell the heavier and more muscular in appearance, as the red and white was in the two other races as well. Pennsylvania started cleverly and sharply, rowing twenty strokes to the half-minute and jumping the nose of her shell ahead. Columbia also went off with a rush, but Cornell more deliberately. No sooner, however, had the shell got well under way than Cornell forged steadily to the front with a stroke that was well carried through, long in the water, and getting the most of both leg drive and shoulder heave. At the half-mile Cornell had

nearly a length the best of it, and never came back. The Pennsylvanians steered atrociously and rowed over many yards of uncounted distance, but as they were clear ahead of Columbia it was only themselves that suffered. The blue and white did, however, suffer indirectly, for the referee's boat came up on them in order to straighten out Pennsylvania, with the result that it gave Hanlan's men such a suction for an eighth of a mile as to pull them back a couple of lengths. Cornell finished in 10 minutes 43 3-5 seconds; Pennsylvania in 10 minutes 54 4-5 seconds; and Columbia in 11 minutes 8 4-5 seconds.

The freshman race was the best for over a mile that has ever been rowed between first-year men in this country. It was a hot struggle from the start, and the boats stuck well together, Cornell winning on superior form and all the crews being well in it up to the Bridge. There were five crews—Cornell, Wisconsin, Columbia, Syracuse and Pennsylvania, and they finished in the above order. Columbia this time got a shade the better of the start, the Ithacans once more content to get their boat running steadily rather than to jump her into the immediate lead. But as soon as the crews had settled down once more the red and white boat pushed her nose sturdily out, eating up the water and convincing even the layman that the others hung on, albeit with higher stroke and more laboring—still they hung on, which was to the point, and there was no shaking them off. At the Bridge Cornell had half a length on Wisconsin, who was lapped by Syracuse, who in turn was being collared by Columbia, while on Columbia's flank seesawed Pennsylvania. After the Bridge Syracuse dropped back and Columbia pulled into the place, and the crews crossed the finish line—Cornell in 9 minutes 34 3-5 seconds, Wisconsin in 9 minutes 42 4-5 seconds, Columbia in 9 minutes 49 seconds, Syracuse in 9 minutes 53 seconds, and Pennsylvania in 10 minutes 5 seconds.

By this time Cornell adherents were wild with delight and confident of a clean sweep, for Courtney had betrayed his unlimited confidence in his varsity crew without regard to what might happen to the freshman and four-oar.

When, therefore, the crews came to the mark for the main race of the day there were few indeed who had the temerity to expect anything but a further triumph for Cornell. But it was a grand sight to look out across the Hud-

tried desperately to overcome; but she could only get out two runs, and the game ended with the score of 7 to 2.

HARVARD vs. YALE, 2d GAME
Everything this season in the baseball line between Harvard and Yale has tended to the disappointment of the host of alumni who came back for their class and commencement festivities. The Yale nine overwhelmed Harvard at Cambridge, but Harvard retaliated in good measure at New Haven on the following Tuesday. There was no chance for enthusiasm at either place, save for a few moments when Yale tied the score at 4 to 4 in the second game. But Harvard at once shot ahead again and made it a veritable Waterloo for Yale hopes. Clarkson pitched a splendid game for Harvard, showing excellent control; he was magnificently supported, especially behind the bat, and he batted terrifically as well. The Harvard men found Garvan—who has been the sole reliance of Yale, and hence overworked—to such an extent as to make him far easier to bat than in his normal condition. Yale's base running in the early part of the game lacked the dash that has characterized it in some of the earlier matches, while Harvard's had markedly improved. The day was a perfect one, with a wind which aided long hits to left field. The final score was 10 to 4 in Harvard's favor, rendering a third game necessary.

THORP DEFEATS LOCKWOOD
The State championship of Massachusetts and the contest for the Cory Cup at Wollaston brought out some excellent golf and also gave an opportunity for J. G. Thorp of Oakley to take revenge upon Lockwood for the defeat administered to him a few weeks ago. Up to the opening of the third round there were left in Thorp, Lockwood, Richards, Smith, Cory, Grant, Falvey and Porter. It was a disagreeable day, and Grant found the conditions too bad for his going, so he defaulted to Smith, Lockwood beat Cory 2 up, Richards beat the long driver Falvey 3 up and 2 to go, and Thorp beat Porter 8 up and 6 to go. As was expected, Lockwood beat out Smith and Thorp disposed of Richards, thus bringing together the old rivals, Thorp and Lockwood, once more. The match was 36 holes, and Thorp preserved his form throughout, Lockwood going off toward the end, Thorp's medal score was 158 and Lockwood's 165, Thorp winning 4 up and 3 to play.

SHAMROCKS DEFEAT CRESCEENTS
One of the most interesting lacrosse matches of the season was that played at Bay Ridge on June 21, between the excellent team of the Crescent Athletic Club and the Shamrock team of Montreal. The Crescents opened sharply on the visitors, and before they could check the onslaught the Brooklyn men had secured 2 goals, making them in less than four minutes. But at that point the Canadians seemed to recover their balance, and they came back at the home players in such a furious charge that by the end of the half they had piled up 9 goals, while the Crescents had been unable to score further. The second half was pretty evenly contested, both teams playing with desperation, but the Crescents could get but 5 goals, while the Shamrocks scored 6, thus leaving the final score 15 to 7 in favor of the Shamrocks.

GLEN COVE RACE
Fifteen yachts in seven different classes started in the New York Yacht Club races for the Glen Cove cup on Tuesday, June 24. Yachtsmen were somewhat disappointed in not finding the sloops *Neola* and *Weetamoe* entered, but the owners would not risk defeat by entering them without adequate preparation. The disappointment was somewhat abated, however, by the stirring race between *Mineola* and *Yankee*. It was 11.30 when the smaller craft were sent off with *Humma* leading. *Yankee* and *Mineola* crossed at 11.46.15, the former getting the best of the position. In the D class for schooners *Elmina* beat *Muriel* 1 minute 31 seconds. Yawls, Class G, *Vigilant* beat *Ailsa* by 36 minutes 17 seconds; sloops, Class H, *Mineola* won from *Yankee* by 3 minutes 17 seconds, and in sloops, Class I, *Hester* won from *Eelin* and *Isolde*.

WALTER CAMP.



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your flesh to the desired weight, you can retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome, you will feel years younger. Almost all the heads and other vital organs will improve. Diseases of the heart, abdomen, face, cheeks and other disagreeable evidences of obesity are remedied speedily. All patients receive my personal attention, whether being treated by mail or in person, all correspondence strictly confidential. Treatment entirely free. Plain sealed envelopes and packages sent. Distance makes no difference. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for my new book on obesity: its cause and cure—it will convince you.

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ENGLAND'S SAILOR PRINCE

By EDWIN EMERSON, Jr.

Author of "A History of the Nineteenth Century," Etc.

(SEE DOUBLE PAGE)

"**L**E ROY EST MORT; VIVE LE ROY"—the old medieval cry of changing monarchies—best expresses the revulsion of feeling with which Englishmen and the world at large received the startling information of King Edward's sudden collapse on the eve of his so gorgeously prepared Coronation ceremonies. The abrupt transition from the joyous inception of an imperial revel to the general depression and dismay following the first tidings of the stricken King's desperate condition was truly Shakespearian in its dramatic intensity.

The first official announcement of King Edward's sinking health and the indefinite postponement of the Coronation pageant was read in Parliament on the afternoon of June 24, a Tuesday. One member of Parliament, T. P. O'Connor, has said that a shiver as of the passing of the Angel of Death seemed to pass over the Commons. Members of the House began to rush hither and thither, in an apparently aimless fashion, but with that quiet and want of outward demonstration characteristic of Englishmen.

THE NEWS AND THE PRINCE OF WALES

Outside noisily jubilant crowds were still thronging the streets, and along the entire line of the projected Coronation parade could be heard the busy hammering and pounding of the thousands of carpenters and workmen engaged to erect triumphal arches and tribunes for the expected pageant. Suddenly all this stopped, as the ominous news spread swiftly from Parliament Square to the furthest ends of London, and the gay bunting and flags on the houses began to disappear. In Westminster Abbey organists and singers were rehearsing the Coronation anthem. They changed it to a litany. For the following Thursday, the day set for the Coronation, the Bishop of London ordered a day of prayer. Orders of estoppel were issued likewise to the officers in charge of the great projected military and naval demonstrations in London and Spithead.

Characteristic of modern conditions was the fall of stocks at the exchanges of London, Paris and New York, as an immediate consequence of the bad news, and the severe financial reverses sustained by English insurance companies which carried risks on King Edward's life and by the underwriters who had issued speculative policies against all kinds of risks and losses arising from a possible postponement or interruption of the Coronation festivities. These latter insurance losses alone aggregated many million dollars.

World-wide attention was inevitably drawn to the person of King Edward's successor, Prince George of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and York, of whose life and personal traits up to that time little was known outside England. That this should have been so is owing partly to the unobtrusive personal characteristics of the man, as well as to the circumstances that for so many years made Prince George's chances for the succession to the throne seem so exceedingly remote. Thanks to these circumstances, again, the education of young George was such that now for the first time in history (since William IV.) a prince of sea training and naval experience—in short, a sailor—stands ready, when called, to assume the rulership of the nation whose proudest boast it is that "Britannia rules the waves."

NAVAL CAREER OF THE PRINCE

It is interesting to recall that the first occasion when Prince George appeared in public before the English people was in 1872, at a drill of four thousand pauper boys enlisted to serve on the training ships of the Royal Naval School. He was then seven years old, and was dressed in a sailor suit. Five years later, at the age of twelve, he entered the navy as an apprentice, together with his brother Clarence. He was placed under the command of Vice-Admiral Fairfax at Portsmouth. While there he won a prize for the skilful handling of his single rater in a sailing regatta and pulled an oar in a victorious crew of cadets. As a midshipman he cruised around the world on the *Bacchante* in the training squadron commanded by Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam. The squadron touched ports in the West Indies, along the coasts of South America, at the Cape, in Australia, the Fiji Islands, Japan, China, Singapore and Ceylon. Later, in 1882, Prince George went on another cruise through the Mediterranean. In the year 1883 he was fully commissioned as a midshipman on the *Canada* under Rear-Admiral Durrant, serving on the North American and West Indian stations. In 1886 Prince George received an appointment to H.M.S. *Thunderer*, under the command of Rear-Admiral Stevenson, on the Mediterranean station. When the ship was docked at Malta for repairs he was transferred to the *Dreadnought*, under the command of Rear-Admiral Bedford. Meanwhile Prince George had received his commission as a lieutenant of the Royal Navy in the course of 1885. About that time the Duke of Edinburgh, his uncle, was the British naval commander-in-chief on the Mediterranean. In 1888 Prince George was appointed flag-lieutenant to the Duke on H.M.S. *Alexander*.

During the three years that Prince George served on the Mediterranean station he paid several visits with his uncle, the Duke, to his other uncle, the King of Greece, at Athens, and he likewise visited the present Sultan of Turkey at Constantinople and the late Khedive Tewfik of Egypt at Cairo. It was during this period that the story of his morganatic marriage to the beautiful daughter of an admiral of the British navy at Valletta, in Malta, became public. Such a marriage was bound to be illegal, since under the laws of England no person in the direct line of succession to the throne may contract a marriage without the consent of the sovereign and Parliament. This reported marriage was authoritatively disclaimed by the British Admiralty on the behest of Prince George's father, then the Prince of Wales.

After these years of Mediterranean service Prince George returned to England and volunteered for another course of gunnery training on board H.M.S. *Excellent* at Portsmouth. On the completion of this course he was appointed to the *Northumberland*, the flagship of the Channel Squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Baird. Later he was placed in charge of a torpedo boat. While commanding this boat off the coast of Ireland he distinguished himself by saving another disabled torpedo boat, drifting shoreward during a violent gale, at great personal risk to himself. As a reward partly for this act of skillful seamanship and pluck he received his captain's commission, and was ordered, in May, 1890, to the command of the *Thrush*, a large gunboat despatched for service on the North American and West Indian stations.

SAILOR, ORATOR AND STATESMAN

So much for Prince George's naval career. As a prince the future heir-apparent first came into public notice after the death of his brother, the Duke of Clarence, to whom he had always shown the warmest attachment. The Duke of Clarence at the time of his death was betrothed to Princess Mary of Teck, and the wedding was fixed for February 27, 1892. A month before the marriage was to be celebrated the Duke of Clarence died of pneumonia. Prince George was with his brother when he died. Scarcely a month after the Duke of Clarence's burial it was reported that Prince George was to marry his brother's bride-to-be. The match was declared to have been arranged by his grandmother, the aged Queen Victoria. At all events, Prince George married Princess Mary (popularly called "May") of Teck in 1893.

Only very recently Prince George's high oratorical abilities and talent for statesmanship have forced themselves upon the attention of the world. One of the first intimations of this was given by Prince George in his impromptu speech while touring through Canada, on the occasion of the assassination of President McKinley. He then said: "I take this the first opportunity to express in common with the whole civilized world my horror at the detestable crime which has plunged into mourning the great friendly nation on your border and has robbed the United States of their first Magistrate in the midst of the fulfilment of the high and honorable duties of his proud position. The Duchess and I share with you to the fullest extent the feelings of sympathy which you have manifested toward a people with whom we are connected by ties of friendship and of national esteem, and our hearts go out to the widow and bereaved family of the late distinguished and beloved President."

Later, on December 5, 1901, when Prince George had just returned from his seven months' journey around the world, he delivered an address at the Guildhall dinner on the occasion of his reception by the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen and the County Council of London, in which he tellingly summarized the impressions of his travels and brought home to his hearers the thought that if England was not to be outstripped in her commercial race with foreign nations she must wake up and develop her colonial possessions, under more liberal laws and freer institutions. The speech created a great sensation, and was quoted *in extenso* by all the London papers. Lord Rosebery referred to it admiringly in Parliament as "the most statesmanlike address we have been privileged to hear this year." This speech alone, it can be said, served to convince Englishmen that on the accession of George V. to the throne England would have for her king a ruler with brains.

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THE 96-HOUR SHIP

By John R. Spears

THE DEFINITE ANNOUNCEMENT that the Cunard Company would build two ships to cross the Atlantic at a sustained speed of twenty-five knots an hour brings the arrival of the four-day steamer close at hand. The details regarding these new fliers are meagre. We learn only that they are to be more than 700 feet long and that they are to have engines of 48,000 horsepower.

Startling as these figures would have seemed no more than two years ago, the advance in the art of steel-making and engine-building has been great enough meantime to warrant the engineers in announcing, before a single keel-plate has been laid, that 48,000 horsepower on a ship more than 700 feet long will give her a sustained speed of 25 knots an hour.

The fact is that a speed of more than 25 knots an hour has already been obtained in a warship, the Russian cruiser *Novik*, built at the Schichau shipyards, and she is but 375 feet long. Of course, this cruiser could not carry that speed across the Atlantic, but the North German Lloyd liner *Deutschland*, one of the swiftest ships afloat, has a sustained speed of 23.51 knots, with but 35,000 horsepower, and on one occasion she ran 601 sea miles in 25 hours—a rate of full 24 knots per hour. With their extra 13,000 horsepower the Cunarders can do the work.

The chief point in which the Cunarders are likely to differ from the prevailing type is in the number of screws. The *Deutschland* divides 35,000 horsepower between two screws. The new ship of the same line now building divides 40,000 horsepower between two screws. It seems as if that must be the limit of power to be transmitted through two shafts, and it is likely that the Cunarders will have three screws, with 16,000 horsepower on each—possibly four with 12,000 horsepower each—giving equal power with less weight of machinery than twin-screw engines. The United States cruiser *Columbia*, the "White Cyclone," demonstrated the practicability of three screws.

Meantime, however, plans are under consideration for the construction of ships that will cross from Sandy Hook in ninety-six hours—the genuine four-day ships. American capitalists will furnish the money, but which of the lines now controlled by Americans will turn out the first ship of the kind is a question. Mr. J. P. Morgan and his associates, in buying the Leyland line, had in mind the creation of a service of this kind.

But the 96-hour steamer may be built by another line before Mr. Morgan's docks are ready. The Cramps made plans for a 25-knot ship for the American line several years ago. The cost of materials and the indifference of Congress to the growth of American sea interests prevented the work then; but times have changed, and there is a rumor that new plans have recently been drawn.

Mr. George Wilson of the Atlantic Shipping Company of New York has had plans drawn for a 96-hour ship to be driven by petroleum as well as turbines. Texas petroleum as fuel has been adopted already by a number of ocean steamers—ships of the ordinary type—with great success. Weight for weight, oil is four times as efficient as coal.

One has but to visit the Maritime Exchange in New York and mention the four-day ship to learn that a turning-point has undoubtedly been reached in the building of marine engines which is similar to that reached when screw propellers and the compounding of steam took the place of the old single-expansion, paddle wheel machinery. By the use of screws and compounded steam increased speed and more cargo capacity were obtained together. Now the machinery of the multiple expansion engines driving screw propellers has filled the ship as the old-style machinery filled the old ship. The *Deutschland* carries only 600 tons of cargo, where a freighter of less size can carry 12,000 tons.

But the day of a wholly new style of machinery is at hand. The new Cunarders will be the greatest of the present type of ships, just as their *Etruria* and *Umbria* were the greatest of single-screw ships; they will also be the last of the existing type, as the *Etruria* and *Umbria* were the last of the single-screw fliers. American capitalists have turned to the sea for profits just in time to take advantage of the greatest development of driving power known to the history of sea commerce.

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